

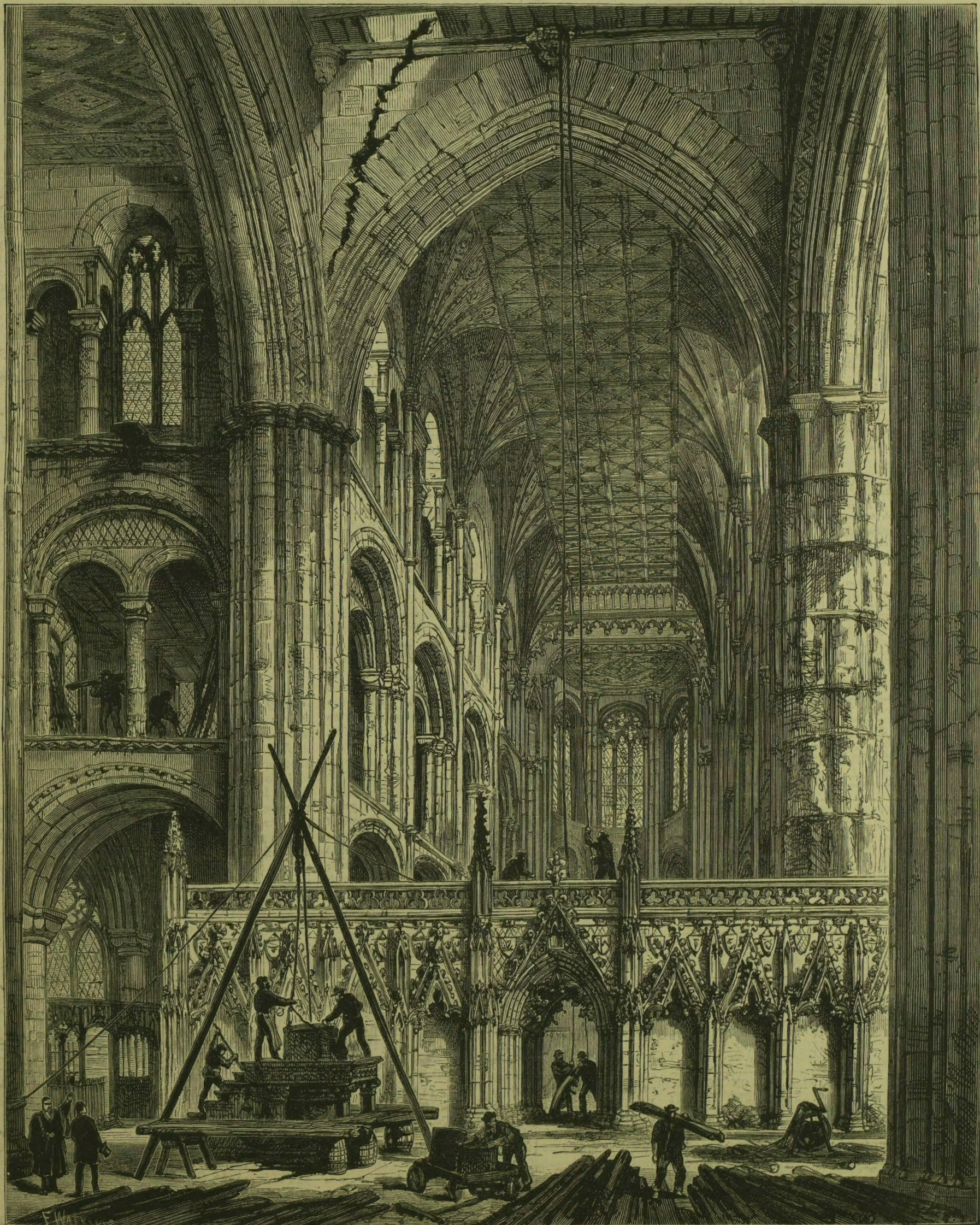
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2284.—VOL. LXXXII.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1883.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL: PREPARATIONS FOR PULLING DOWN THE CENTRAL TOWER.

BIRTHS.

On the 20th inst., at 49, Montagu-square, Lady Lillias Sherbrooke, of a son.

On the 18th inst., at 35, Hill-street, Berkeley-square, Lady Henniker, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 17th inst., at St. Mark's Church, Torquay, by the Rev. Canon Duckworth, D.D., Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, assisted by the Rev. E. F. Wayne, Rector of St. Mark's, Torquay, Thomas Swynfen Parker-Jervis, son of the Hon. Edward Swynfen Parker-Jervis, of Aston Hall, Staffordshire, to Bridget Harriet, youngest daughter of the late Francis Baring Atkinson, Esq., D.L., of Morland Hall, Westmoreland.

On the 16th inst., at All Saints', Margaret-street, by the Rev. J. Nelson Burrows, cousin of the bride, assisted by the Rev. Herbert Frere, John Percy, fourth son of Edward Maule, Esq., of Huntingdon, to Constance Louisa Elizabeth, only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. W. Humbley, J.L.D., late 9th Lancers, of Eynesbury and Cressener House, St. Neots, Hunts.

DEATHS.

On the 12th inst., at her residence, 145, Haverstock-hill, Hampstead, Louisa, daughter of the late Henry Brown, Esq., aged 78 years, very deeply regretted.

On the 15th inst., Mr. John Jones, of 92, Milton-road, South Hornsey, aged 80 years, deeply regretted.

On the 23rd inst., at Bournemouth, in his 74th year, Edward Horner Reynard, E.-q., of Sunderlandwick, in the East Riding, and Hobgreen, in the West Riding of the county of York.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEB. 3.

SUNDAY, JAN. 28.

Sexagesima. Morning Lessons: Gen. iii.; Matt. xv. 21. Evening Lessons: Gen. vi. or viii.; Acts xvii. 1-16. St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., Rev. C. A. Row; 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon Stubbs; 7 p.m., the Bishop of Ballarat. St. James's, noon, Rev. Canon Fleming.

MONDAY, JAN. 29.

London Institution, 5 p.m., Mr. J. Macdonell on William Cobbett. Actuarial Institute, 7 p.m. Geographical Society, 8.30 p.m. Engineers' Society, 7.30 p.m., Mr. A. Walmisley on Land-Surveying. Medical Society, 8.30 p.m. Commercial Travellers' School, general court, 11 a.m.

TUESDAY, JAN. 30.

Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor W. C. Williamson on the Primeval Ancestors of Existing Vegetation. Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m., Mr. J. Fernie on Mild Steel for Fireboxes of Locomotives in the United States. Society of Arts, 8 p.m., Mr. J. Thorold Rogers on Ensilage in the United States.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 31.

Moon's last quarter, 10.27 a.m. Society of Arts, 8 p.m., Professor J. Thorold Rogers on Ensilage in the United States.

THURSDAY, FEB. 1.

Partridge and pheasant shooting ends. London Institution, 7 p.m., Dr. Sparrow Simpson on the Anthem. Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Dewar on the Spectroscope. Archaeological Institute, 4 p.m. Royal Society, 4.30 p.m. Antiquaries' Society, 8.30 p.m. Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society, 7 p.m., Mr. A. W. Tanner on the Construction of Theatres.

FRIDAY, FEB. 2.

Candlemas Day. Scotch Quarter Day. Royal Institution, 8 p.m., Sir William Thomson on the Size of Atoms, 9 p.m. Geologists' Association, anniversary, 7.30 p.m.

SATURDAY, FEB. 3.

Society of Schoolmasters, 2 p.m. Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Mr. R.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 3, 1883.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
4 55	5 10	5 25	5 40	5 57	6 15	6 35

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AFTER THE BANQUET, GUILDHALL ON NOV. 10.

"And they gathered up the fragments that remained." This Picture, by Mons. A. Marie, formed one of the attractions at the last Paris Salon, and is now being exhibited by Messrs. Gladwell Brothers at the CITY OF LONDON FINE-ART GALLERY, 20 and 21, Gracechurch-street, being by far the most important EXHIBITION of WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS and ETCHINGS, which will be CLOSED on JAN. 31. Admission, One Shilling, Catalogue included.

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LYRICAL REPRESENTATIONS

(French). LES NOCES DE FIGARO.

LE PARDON DE PLOERMEL.

PAUL ET VIRGINIE.

VIOLETTA.

MIGNON.

GALA-THEATRE.

LES NOCES DE JEANETTE.

LA FILLE DU RÉGIMENT.

LE DOMINO NOIR.

LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS.

ARTISTS ENGAGED.

Madame VAZANDT.

Madame DEILLERONN.

Madame HANAN.

Madame ENGALLY.

Madame FRAUDIN.

Madame MANSOUR.

Madame STIARDA.

Monsieur MAUREL.

Monsieur TALAÇAC.

Monsieur DUFRICHE.

Monsieur PLANCON.

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FEB. 1, 2, and 5, 1883.

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Second Day—GRAND CORSO DE GALA. GRAND CAVALCADES, GROUPS OF MASQUERADERS, CARS, BATTLE OF FLOWERS and CONFETTI.

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198, Strand, W.C.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1883.

Sudden surprises and calamities have, indeed, been frequent during the month that has elapsed since the opening of the new year. This week was to have been memorable in the annals of Germany by the celebration of the Silver Wedding of the Crown Prince and our Princess Royal. The Prince is without doubt the most universally popular heir-apparent on the Continent; while his amiable Consort is specially endeared to English hearts by the touching leave-taking of five-and-twenty years ago, when the royal couple drove through the streets of London in a snow-storm en route to their new home at Berlin. Preparations had been made in almost every town throughout the Fatherland suitably to commemorate the happy event; and distinguished guests from every part of Europe, including the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, were expected to attend the festival in the German capital. But on Sunday afternoon the unexpected death of Prince Charles of Prussia, the aged and last surviving brother of the Emperor William, frustrated all the festal arrangements and plunged the Royal family into mourning. The deceased Prince, who was born in the first year of the present century, led a tranquil life amid the stirring events of the era through which he passed. Unlike his son, the "Red Prince," he was distinguished neither in the sphere of politics nor of war, and apart from family relationships, which play so important a part in the annals of the Prussian Royal House, his death is not a matter of European importance. But it serves to remind us that his illustrious brother, at the advanced age of eighty-six, cannot much longer be expected to rule over the great Empire which was consolidated during the latter years of his reign. Happily, the Crown Prince has been trained in a good school, and is richly endowed with qualities that will make him a worthy and perhaps more liberal successor of the soldier-Emperor, who has been too familiar with camps and battle-fields fully to appreciate the blessings of constitutional government. A month hence there are to be festivities at Berlin on a restricted scale, and it is to be hoped that the aged Monarch and his veteran Minister, Prince Bismarck, may have vigorous health and spirits to share in them.

If Prince Napoleon expected that his recent manifesto would occasion a great commotion throughout France, his sagacity has been amply vindicated. The Government, the Legislature, and the Press have combined to give importance to an act of Bonapartist daring which ought only to have excited ridicule and contempt. In no country of Europe does unsettled public feeling and panic so soon precipitate untoward events as in France. The Republic does not look so stable, if it stands as secure, as it did ten days ago; and it is in a stormy political atmosphere that Anarchists, Bonapartists, and Royalists alike find their opportunity. There is too much reason to fear that the exaggerated reports of a Legitimist conspiracy, and the unlooked-for presence of the Empress Eugénie in Paris, will increase the general disquietude, which has already been manifest in the fall of public securities, and swell the demand for proscriptions. The tumultuous scene in the Chamber of Deputies on Monday was ominous of evil.

The Cabinet, which, after the production of M. Floquet's rash proposal to exile the families of all Pretenders; felt it necessary to do something, brought in a bill giving the Government a discretionary power to banish any members of a family that has reigned in France whose presence might seem to endanger the public peace, and to put on the retired list such as may be serving in the army. As if this were not enough, the Chamber was also asked to give the Ministry unlimited authority to prosecute newspapers for insults to the Republic. Subsequently two private members brought in a bill at once to strike the names of the Orleanist Princes off the army, for which urgency was—perhaps as a matter of expediency—voted by a large majority. These several proposals have been referred to the same Committee, whose recommendations are happily not likely to be discussed by the Chamber till the end of next week.

Before then, it is to be hoped, the public excitement will have subsided. It is so manifestly in the interests of Bonapartists and Legitimists to prolong the effervescence, that genuine Republicans can hardly fail to discover what is their true policy. Already the scare has united the conflicting Bonapartist factions and brought the ex-Empress to Paris to ratify the compact and provoke her dynastic enemies. Still worse, it has alarmed the timid supporters of the Republic by the threat of expatriating the Orleanist Princes, who are not accused of disloyal conduct, although their influence among the officers of the army is considerable. At such a crisis the controlling influence of the late M. Gambetta will be sorely missed, and the inherent weakness of M. Duclerc's administration is a public danger. A stronger Government has become an absolute necessity. But a Republic which has existed twelve years, and has been found to harmonise the varied interests of the country, cannot be overthrown by a passing panic, though its prestige may be seriously impaired by rash legislation. It is fortunate for France at the present juncture that the decisions of the Chamber of Deputies will have to be reviewed by the more Conservative Senate.

The stern resolution of the Irish Executive, and the skill and pertinacity of the Dublin detectives, have at length produced tangible results. On Saturday last the first instalment of the revelations as to the bloody drama which has so long been enacted with impunity by Fenian conspirators in the Irish capital was given to the world. If Farrell, the informer, is to be believed, there has been not only an outer gang of Fenian ruffians to execute commands, but an Inner Circle was, in the summer of 1881, specially constituted to plan and carry out the assassination of Government officials. Amongst their intended victims was Mr. Forster, who last March, as it were by accident, escaped the terrible fate which befell his successor as Chief Secretary two months later. To the twenty-two persons who were arraigned on Saturday—and who, it is curious to note, are nearly all Dublin artisans, and not American desperadoes—others have been added by subsequent arrests. When we learn that several of the suspected murderers are ready to make a clean breast of it in order to save their necks, it can hardly be doubted that Colonel Jenkinson is "master of the situation." At this day's public investigation another corner of the veil is likely to be lifted, and the man Delany, who was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for his attempt on the life of Judge Lawson, and possibly Devine and Poole, will stand forward to denounce their accomplices. Indeed there is reason to hope that the prisoners will then include the miscreants who last May stabbed to death Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. That the criminals who have been concerned in the several cold-blooded murders which have stained the honour of Dublin have not attempted to escape the country indicates their sense of security. But even if the assassins have been caught in one net—which remains to be proved—we have a terrible symptom of the demoralised sentiment of a section of the population in the ugly fact that persons accused of the most atrocious crimes were actually applauded last Saturday as they were being taken from the police court.

The loss of the *Cimbria*, an emigrant steam-ship from Hamburg to New York, swells the catalogue of terrible catastrophes since the dawn of 1883. In many respects it is a repetition of the sad story of the *City of Brussels*. A few hours after leaving the mouth of the Elbe, when off the Borkum Lighthouse at the mouth of the Weser, that ill-fated vessel came into collision during a dense fog with the steamer *Sultan*, of Hull, and sank almost immediately. According to the imperfect accounts published, Captain Jansen and the officers of the *Cimbria* did their utmost to save the passengers by providing life-belts and launching the boats; but circumstances were adverse to their noble efforts. Out of 480 persons on board, including the crew, fifty-six alone are known to have been saved—only four of the eight boats having been launched, and two of these being capsized by overcrowding. As in other cases, watertight compartments were of no avail to retard the foundering of the *Cimbria*, the heroism of whose lost commander and crew appears to have been exemplary. The disabled *Sultan* managed to reach Hamburg, where the Captain and chief officers have been placed under arrest. Subsequent inquiry will no doubt reveal the real facts attending this terrible disaster.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

On Monday morning last the first steps were taken towards the demolition of the Old Law Courts at Westminster. Architecturally considered, the ugly pile designed by Sir John Soane is not sixty years old; and in Brayley and Britton's "History of the Palace of Westminster," published shortly after the destruction by fire of the Houses of Parliament in 1834, I find the block of buildings now about to disappear spoken of as the "New" Law Courts.

There used to be a "tubman" in the Court of Exchequer. The "tub" in the Exchequer on Monday was an auctioneer's rostrum; and very lively were the biddings for the various lots, comprising slates, doors, windows, rafters, chimney-pieces, panellings, boarded floors, stonework, and heating apparatus. I wonder where all these fragments of the broken-up Temple of Themis will go. The "History of Bits" (I am not referring to Mr. Phillipson's work on Harness) would make a very amusing and instructive book. Let me see. Some of the columns of old Carlton House went to support the portico of the National Gallery. There is a country house in North Kent built from the stones of old London Bridge; the fittings of the abominable old Court of Star Chamber were purchased by Sir Edward Cust to decorate the dining-room of his country seat withal; Hungerford Suspension Bridge went to Clifton, and the Lion at Northumberland House, to Sion House (the grand staircase is in a modern mansion at Palace-gate). I know of the whereabouts, not far from Leighton Buzzard, of the chimney-piece from Rubens's house at Antwerp, and the poop lanterns of the *Centaur*; and I remember a Debating Society somewhere at Pentonville, the president of which used to sit in the Speaker's chair from the old House of Commons.

Mem.: I cannot precisely recollect the place to which the pillars of the Regent's Quadrant were transferred; but I suppose that the Palladian colonnade from old Burlington House is still prostrate in Battersea Park. The stones of Temple Bar are safe (if not sound), I presume, somewhere; and the last time that I saw Mr. Thomas T. Barnum he told me that he had either bought or was in treaty for the timbers of old Traitors' Gate from the Tower. Yes; "a History of Bits" would be highly amusing.

The demolition of Sir John Soane's Law Courts may be fitly associated with the memorandum that at Westminster once occurred a case of Contempt of Court as curious, though less celebrated, than that which led Chief Justice Gascoigne to commit a gallant young prince to prison for striking him on the judgment seat. The contempt of which I speak was of much earlier date. There seems to have been some kind of Married Women's Property law in the fourteenth century; for, in the 31th of Edward I., one Dame Alice de Brewes sued her husband William de Brewes in the Exchequer in respect to a sum of eight hundred marks, which she claimed from him. Judgment was given for the plaintiff, to the great annoyance of the defendant, who insulted the Judge, Roger de Hexham, in open court, and followed him through the Exchequer chamber as he was going to the King, crying, tauntingly and upbraidingly, "Roger, Roger, thou hast now obtained thy will of that thou hast so long desired."

But it was not the Judge who punished the contempt of William de Brewes. It was the King in Council who decreed that the contemptuous defendant should proceed, bareheaded and unattired (in his "tunic" I suppose), and holding a torch in his hand, from the King's Bench in Westminster during full court to the Exchequer, and there ask pardon from the aforesaid Roger de Hexham, and make an apology for his trespass. After that he was to be committed to the Tower during pleasure. Contempt of Court was no joke in the days of Edward Longshanks.

I wonder whether Dame Alice de Brewes furnished her husband with a waxen flambeau for his penitential progress. Women are so forgiving and so thoughtful under trying circumstances. Do you remember the old story of the lady whose husband was doomed to "die with his shoes off" ascending the cart when it made its customary halt at St. Giles's Pound, on its way to Tyburn, and whispering to her husband as she bestowed on him a parting embrace: "My dear, is it the Sheriff or we who are to find the rope which is to hang you?" To which the gentleman in trouble replied that a workman must find his own tools, and that it devolved on the Sheriff to provide the necessary halter. "I faith, sweetheart," exclaimed the lady, "had I known that I would not have spent two pence on this excellent new rope which I have brought with me." And she produced this novel and touching sample of a "true lover's knot." "Keep it for your next husband, my dear," replied her philosophic and placable partner. The old story (how fond our ancestors were of jokes upon the gibbet!) has been retold, with some slight variations, in Mr. John Ashton's "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne."

Mem.: In the "Journal to Stella" (Sept. 29, 1710) Swift tells Hester Johnson that he "drinks good wine every day of five and six shillings a bottle." Yet more than fifty years later, in the Sergeant-at-Arms' bill against Woodfall, the printer, committed to his custody by the House of Commons, the prisoner is charged only two shillings a bottle for sherry. How was this, Mr. John Ashton? Why should wine have been so much more expensive in the reign of Queen Anne than it was in the reign of George III. Perhaps the costly wine that Swift drank (at other folk's expense) was claret. Elsewhere he poetically recommends "beef and claret" as a regimen for Stella.

The Dean of St. Paul's, the Corporation of London, and her Majesty's Office of Works seem, to judge from the report of a recent discussion in the Court of Common Council, to have been playing at the once popular game, "No child of Mine!" in the matter of that public disgrace to the Metropolis the dilapidated statue of the Good Queen Anne in St. Paul's

Cathedral. The Lord Mayor complained to the Dean of the condition of the effigy, and the Dean informed his Lordship in reply that as the statue had been paid for with public money, and erected under authority of an Act of Parliament, it was not within the powers of the Chapter to order the removal of the nuisance. The First Commissioner of Works, on being appealed to, politely answered that the Department had no control over the monument, and had neither the power to repair nor to remove it. In 1876 the Department had made an application to the Treasury for authority to expend five hundred pounds in repairing the statue; but My Lords refused to grant the required permission on the ground that Queen Anne's statue was not the property of the Government. But supposing somebody was to steal the statue, and carry it off bodily, as the Eton "block" was spirited away. For stealing whose property could the robber be indicted?

Two grooms lying on a truss of straw in a stable and smoking cigarettes. That, I read, was the positively ascertained cause of the horrible fire by which the circus at Berditscheff, in Russian Poland, was destroyed. Hundreds of people were burned to death through the cigarette smoking of the two grooms. Does authority in England intend to suppress the detestable practice of smoking tobacco in theatres? Is it the managers', or the insurance companies', or the Lord Chamberlain's, or the Metropolitan Board of Works' business to insist that no cigar nor cigarette shall be kindled in a playhouse during the hours of performance? With respect to the introduction of smoking on the stage, as part of the "business" of the piece, I am told that this is an age of realism, and that a drama of modern life would not be sufficiently realistic without a certain amount of smoking. I reply that the rooms in which we smoke out of the theatre do not have walls, doors, and ceilings made of painted canvas, and are not hemmed in by flaming gas-battens. As for the "Johnnies" and "Chappies" who fill the buffets and corridors of the theatres with clouds from their cigarettes, and puff the fumes of burning paper and bad tobacco in ladies' faces on the very staircases of theatres, they have received due attention in a letter of "A Dramatic Critic" in the *Times*. Many months have passed since I first inveighed in this page against theatrical smoking; and I do not intend to cease from hammering away at the subject until the nuisance is abrogated. It is with a clear conscience that I can so hammer away, for I have been an inveterate smoker ever since I was fourteen years of age; but I detest smoking in the presence of ladies; and the smoker who has not strength of mind enough to desist for three or four hours on a stretch from his favourite habit is not worthy of admission into the fraternity of True Raleighites at all.

I noticed, the other day, in that astonishingly rich and interesting treasure-house of antique statuary, the Museo Torlonia at Rome, the marble bust of a man whose head-gear was of the precise shape and size of a modern "wideawake." A hat somewhat of the "wideawake" pattern is figured in Dr. William Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities" (p. 920), copied from a fictile vase engraved in Hope's "Costume of the Ancients," and it is worn by a Grecian soldier otherwise attired in a pallium, but it lacks the thoroughly Whitechapel-road-cum-Bethnal-green appearance of the hat worn by the effigy of the "chickaleary cove"—I mean the gentleman in marble in the Torlonia Museum.

Oddly enough, I found, on my return, a communication from an esteemed correspondent, asking me if I had ever heard of anybody ever having a museum or collection of Hats of All Periods. Has any of my correspondents heard or met with printed mention of such a Petasian Museum? The late rare comedian, John Pritt Harley, had, if I remember, of walking-sticks; I have heard of notable collections of pipes, snuffboxes, fans, teapots, and inkstands; and one of the associates of the eccentric Marquis of Waterford formed a collection of door-knockers, brass plates, bell pulls, Little Dustpans, Golden Canisters, and gloves' "bunches of fives," of which, in the course of a roystering career, he had despoiled private houses and tradesmen's shop-fronts. But a Museum of Hats of All Periods is still, to me, an unknown thing.

We are so continually girding at the Americans, and criticising in a more or less disparaging manner their speech, their manners, their dress, and even their personal appearance, that little surprise should be felt at their occasionally returning the compliment, and paying us back in our own coin by criticising us. I scarcely think, however, that the blot has been hit by Mr. Gilbert M. Tucker, who, in the *North American Review*, discourses of "England's bad English." As examples of our inability to speak and write our own language with propriety, Mr. Tucker quotes our use of "famous," for excellent; "bargain," for haggle; "tiresome," for disagreeable; "rot," for nonsense; "jug," for pitcher; "good form," for in good taste; "trap," for light waggon; "tub," for bathe; "stop," for remain; "assist," for be present; "plant," for fixtures; "intimate," for announce; and "tidy" for almost anything complimentary. "Famous" for excellent is an obvious Gallicism:—"J'ai fait un fameux diner." I do not remember to have met with "tiresome" used in the sense of disagreeable, although many disagreeable persons are tiresome as well. Addison once wrote, Mr. Tucker, "Nothing is so tiresome as the works of dogmatic critics." But nobody speaks of a tiresome smell or of a man with a tiresome nose. As for "bargain" and "haggle" they are two distinct operations—A bargain is a contract, covenant, agreement, or compact; and in connection with it we sometimes use the adjective "famous." Thus, the gross of green spectacles which Moses Primrose bought at the fair may be termed a "famous" bargain. "The boy hath sold him a bargain a goose, that's flat," says Costard in "Love's Labour Lost."

"Haggle," on the other hand, means to be difficult in bargaining, to stick at small matters. "I never," says Edmund

Burke, "could drive a hard bargain in my life concerning any matter whatever; and least of all do I know how to haggle and huckster with merit."

Mem.: Haggling is often coupled with "higgling"; although the words are often used separately. "It argues an ignoble mind," says Sir Matthew Hale, "where we have wronged to *higgle* and dodge in the amends." By-the-way, "dodge," which has found its way into the "Slang Dictionary," mainly owing, I should say, to the repute of Mr. John Dawkins, the "Artful Dodger," is a thoroughly legitimate English word. I find it in one of South's sermons. "This consideration should make them grow weary of *dodging* and shewing tricks with Heaven." It is in Addison: "You know my passion for Martha, and what a dance she has led me; she dodged with me above thirty years." Milton speaks of "dodging betwixt Cambridge and the Bull," and Swift of "chaffering with Dissenters and dodging about this or that ceremony." And, according to Cotgrave, a "scurvy haggler" is also a "dodger." Surely Mr. Tucker would not have us think that all "bargains" are dodges.

"Rot," for nonsense or rubbish, is, Mr. Tucker should be told, a vile slang term, which no well-bred Englishman would use. "Good Form" for "in good taste" is Society slang; but it is much more frequently said that a thing is in "bad" than in "good form." "Trap" is not used to express a "light wagon." We have no such thing as a "light wagon." We have waggons, wains, vans, and carts. A "trap" is a chaise, gig, dog-cart, or phaeton, either private property or hired. It is slangy, like most things "horsey"; but is not slang of the viler kind. To "tub" for to bathe is again Society slang (generally military and university); but its use is defensible, since it defines the kind of bath taken. A person does not speak of taking a "shower tub," or a "Turkish tub"; and we do not "tub" in the sea.

"Stop" for "remain" ("stay" would be better) is inelegant in writing but justifiable as a colloquialism. I find in the latest Edition of Ogilvie and Annandale's "Imperial Dictionary" (London: Blackie and Son, 1883) under the head of "stop" (3) "To remain; to stay, to reside temporarily; to have lodgings, to tarry; as 'when you come to town, stop with me, instead of going to a hotel.'" "Assist," for to be present, is a pure Gallicism, which would not be employed by any competent writer, and is never used colloquially. Young ladies do "assist" at marriages when they are bridesmaids, yet they would scarcely speak of "assisting" at the interesting ceremony.

As for "plant" (which means a great many things besides fixtures), it is a mere trade technicality, and business technology is a thing quite apart from correctness in speaking or writing. If I let my house, I may require the incoming tenant to buy the "fixtures" at a valuation. But if I am a brewer or a printer, and wish to dispose of my business, I sell the goodwill and the "plant"—i.e., the apparatus for carrying on the business. "Intimate" for "announce" is scarcely worth notice. Both words are equally objectionable, when you can "tell" a servant to bring more muffins, or "let concealment like a worm i' the bud" feed on your damask cheek because you never "told" your love. Who ever "announced" his love.

But the most astonishing of the crows plucked with English people as to the way in which they speak English is in connection with the word "jug." We say "jug" when we should say "pitcher," forsooth. Well, Mr. Mortlock, the china dealer, carries on his business "at the Sign of the Pitcher," and a very good pitcher it is. Tom Ingoldsby, in his ballad of "The Coronation," sings—

Ye dear bewitcher,
Just hand us the pitcher;

and we hear of little pitchers that have long ears and pitchers that go often to the well but get broken at last. But, on the other hand, there is an allusion in the "Taming of the Shrew" to stone jugs, in contradistinction to "sealed quarts"; and Swift sings—

He fetch'd 'em drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink.

The jug, the pitcher, the beaker, the black jack, the tankard, the pot, the noggin, the mug, the porringer, the cup, the ewer, and can, have long since had their proper places and meanings assigned to them in English speech and letters, and the fact that the Americans choose to call a milk-jug a "pitcher," a flight of stairs a "stoop," and a servant a "help" need not fill us with any fears that we are beginning to forget how to speak and write English.

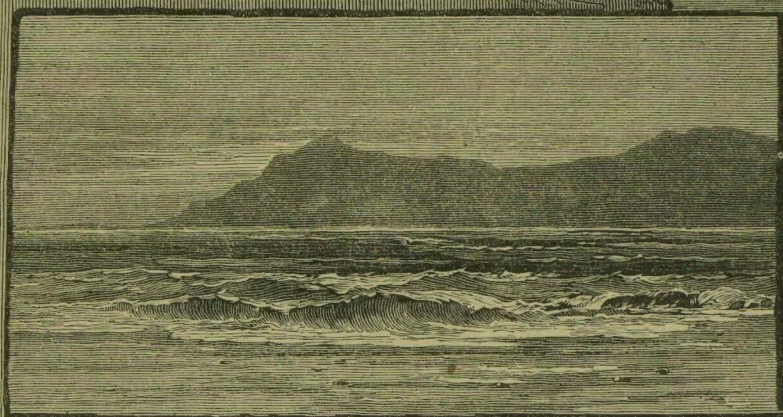
Last Tuesday, about three in the afternoon, an esteemed clerical friend from the country was so good as to call on me; and as we are both subject to the most pleasant and most harmless (I hope) of human crazes, bibliomania, we had a very merry, musty time of it. After old books came old etchings, and then new line engravings; and I showed my friend a room of which the walls are hung with proofs after Gustave Doré—you know them well—the "Prætorium," the "Martyrs in the Amphitheatre," the "Entry into Jerusalem," the "Dream of Pilate's Wife," and so forth. In their midst, glowing with brilliant colour, is a beautiful landscape in oil—a transcript of Highland scenery—which Doré painted for me, and brought me with his own kind hands, when he last visited England. That same Tuesday night a messenger came in hot haste from a newspaper office with the tidings, full of inexpressible grief to me, that Gustave Doré was dead.

I have no heart to write about him and his work, in this place, this week. I have begun half-a-dozen times, and have torn the sheet. And I am sure that all the English friends—foremost among whom I will name Blanchard Jerrold and the Rev. Canon Harford—who loved him as I did, who knew his sweet, tender, generous, frank, boyish nature, and who had watched his upright, honourable, laborious life, will feel as I do, now. He had been very dear to me during many years; and I must have a little time before I can write about him with calmness.

G. A. S.



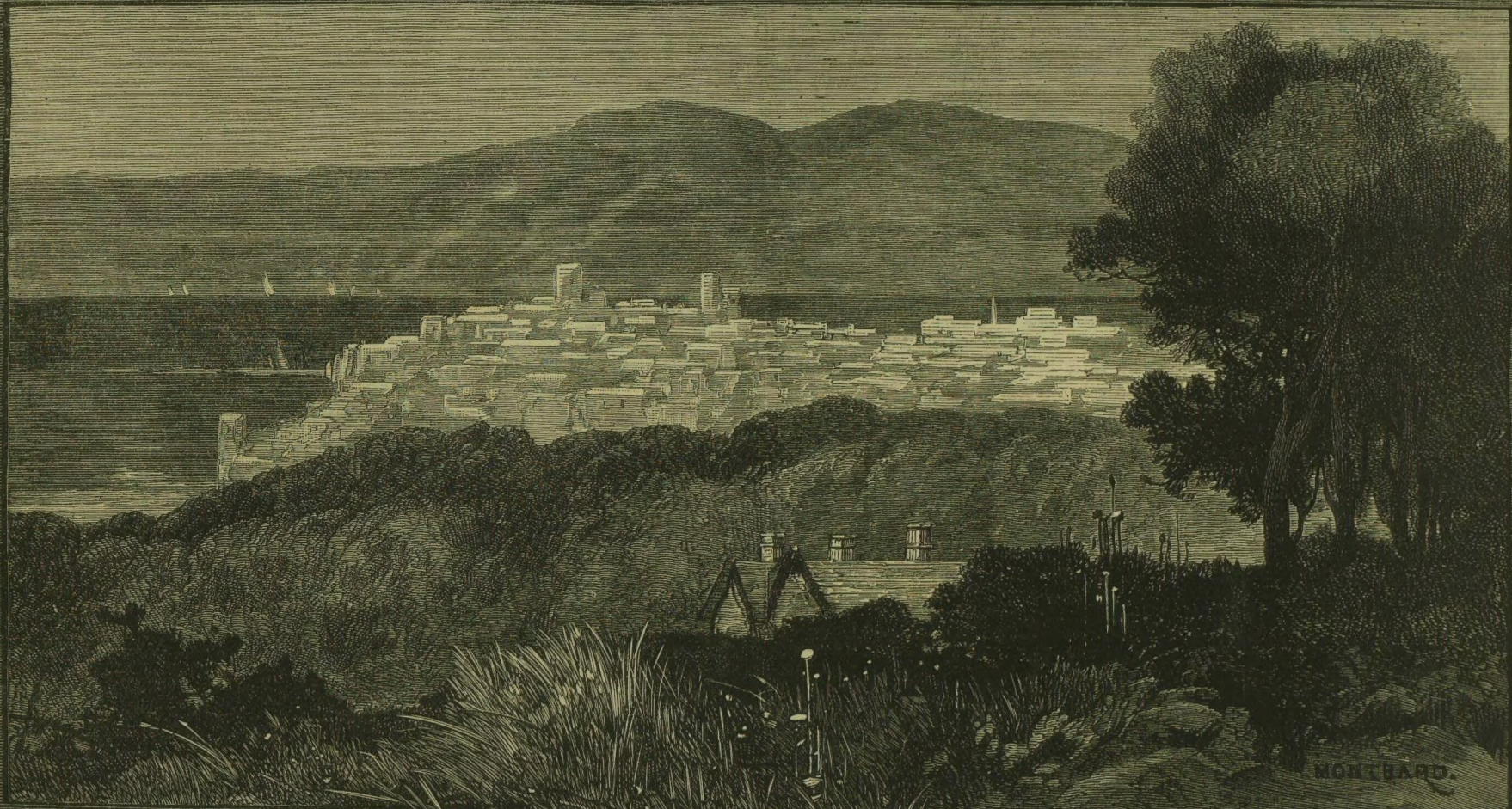
FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.



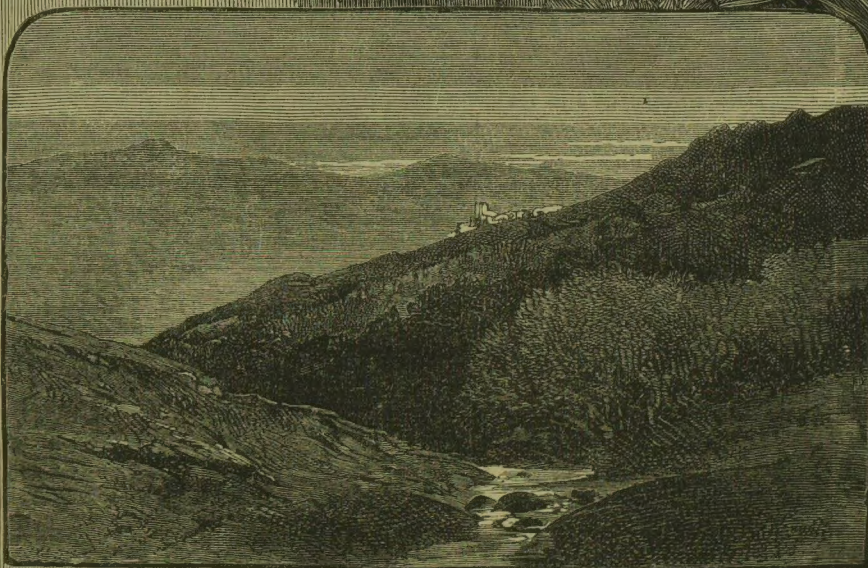
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1. The Esterelles, from the Isle Sainte Marguerite. 2. Vence. 3. Cannes, from Isola Bella. 4. On the road to the Saut du Loup. 5. The Esterelles, from the road to Fréjus.

MR. GLADSTONE'S RETIREMENT: SKETCHES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF CANNES, BY LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

THE PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL TOWER.

We last week presented an exterior view of part of this Cathedral, including the central tower, which has been found to be in such a ruinous state that it must be at once taken down for safety. The interior view, given on the front page of this Number, shows the preparations of the workmen, which during the last fortnight have been continued uninterruptedly, to remove that part of the venerable edifice. There is a terribly large crack in the voussoir of the lofty Gothic arch, which is seen plainly enough in our Engraving. The central tower, at the intersection of the nave and transept, was originally built by Abbot de Waterville, between 1155 and 1177, but was altered in the following century, when the lantern, of four stages, which had even then proved too heavy for the piers to support, was taken down nearly as far as the crowns of the great arches; the east and west arches were then altered from semi-circular (or Norman) to the Pointed or Early Gothic form; but the Norman arches remain, with chevron mouldings on the north and west sides of the tower, as well as the original Norman pillars and capitals. These, however, began long since to sink in their foundations, dragging down the adjacent triforium and clerestory arches (as noticed in Murray's Handbook to the Cathedrals, published in 1862). The south-east pier had to be bound with iron before the erection of the present lantern, which is ascribed to the date 1340, being of Decorated Gothic, but made as light as possible. So the wonder is rather that this tower should have stood so long as it has done.

MANSION HOUSE FANCY DRESS BALL.

The Lady Mayoress (Mrs. Knight) gave a second fancy-dress ball at the Mansion House on the 18th inst. The state apartments of the official residence were prettily decorated and lighted with the electric light. The company, numbering one thousand, began to arrive about nine o'clock, and were received in the saloon by the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, who assumed the characters of the King and Queen of Hearts, while their daughter, Mrs. Edward Stillwell, was attired as Britannia; Miss Knight as a Japanese lady, Miss Ada Knight as "the Postmistress-General," and Mrs. Henry Knight as the City of London. The fifteen masters of the ceremonies wore the dress of Spanish cavaliers. By the guests every conceivable variety of fancy costume was worn. A concert was given by pupils of the Guildhall College of Music. The Malagasy Envoys, with their suite, were among the guests. We have filled a page with sketches of some of the fancy characters. In the centre is a medallion containing the twofold portraiture of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress as King and Queen of Hearts. The figure of the City of London stands immediately above, with a mural crown, ermine robes, and the heraldic blazonry of the City Corporation on her front skirt. To aid in guessing at other costumes, or in criticising their design, readers may with advantage consult both of Arden Holt's ingenious little books, "Fancy Dresses Described" (third edition) and "Gentlemen's Fancy Dress, How to Choose it"; which have recently appeared for the use of the festive season. The publishers of the former complete work are Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore-street and Welbeck-street; and the others, Messrs. Wyman and Sons, Great Queen-street.

MR. GLADSTONE AT CANNES.

The Sketches in the neighbourhood of Cannes, presented this week, will be acceptable as Illustrations of the scenery around Mr. Gladstone's place of sojourn, for the better recovery of his health, during the three weeks preceding the opening of Parliament. They are from the pencil of Lord Archibald Campbell, an amateur landscape artist to whom we have owed several views of Switzerland, as well as those of Canada, and of other countries visited by him, which have appeared in this Journal.

On the Provence coast of Southern France, where the Esterelles range of Maritime Alps keep close guard over the sunny shore of the Mediterranean, immediately opposite the Isles Ste. Marguerite and St. Honorat, the chief of the Lerins group, is the pleasant seaside town of Cannes; which still divides with Nice and Mentone, its neighbours to the east or north-east, the reputation of a most agreeable and salubrious resort for invalids in winter. It was first recommended to our own countrymen by the example of Lord Brougham, thirty or forty years ago, and there he died in 1868, and is buried in the cemetery there. The climate is warm, but dry and stimulating; the soil in the western district, along the Gulf of Napoule, is granitic; but on the eastern side it is calcareous, which makes an essential difference in the character of the vegetation. This circumstance, as well as the varied forms of hill and crag, tends to produce a wonderful diversity in the picturesque effects of the neighbouring scenery; but there are no remarkable streams. The old French town, with its narrow streets up the steep ascent of Mont Chevalier, has little interest for the visitor; but the comforts and elegancies of modern life are displayed in the new part of Cannes, with its fine hotels, villas to let, and private mansions, extending far along the high road to Nice. The Château Scott, where Mr. Gladstone is now residing, was built fifteen years ago. It is one of the finest houses in Cannes, beautifully situated in ten acres of grounds, well laid out, and, being elevated, commands extensive views over the Gulf of San Juan and the surrounding country. The house is provided with an excellent water supply, well drained, and elaborately decorated. It is the same château which was recommended to the Queen last year when she intended to visit Cannes, and has been chosen for Mr. Gladstone's occupation by his friends Lord and Lady Wolverton, who are now staying at Cannes.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, with their son, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, Rector of Hawarden, have enjoyed fine, bright, calm weather, since their arrival at Cannes; and the right hon. gentleman has been walking, or driving in an open carriage, every day. His health has been rapidly improving, as he is obeying to the letter his medical adviser's command to seek complete repose, and takes every possible advantage of the opportunity to enjoy the sunny days and the pure southern air. Among the visitors who have called on Mr. Gladstone was his Royal Highness the Comte de Paris, who had an interview; also Sir Charles Dilke, Admiral Glyn, Sir H. S. Keating, Sir Edward and Lady Colebrooke, the Duke of Argyll, Sir John and Lady Mellor, Sir Montague Smith, Sir Edward and Lady Strachey, Sir Francis Stapleton, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Lennox Butler, Sir Charles and Lady Murray, Mr. Bernard Hall, and Sir Robert Anstruther. On Sunday last, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and the Rev. Stephen Gladstone attended Divine service in the morning, at the Protestant church of St. Paul, on the Boulevard Carnet, at Cannes.

It was decided on Monday to construct a new railway connecting Bridport with the harbour, two miles distant, at a cost of £23,000. The cost of extending the present permanent way will be about £10,000.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Jan. 23.

A week ago to-day Prince Napoleon was arrested and imprisoned in the Conciergerie. This event has naturally been the great topic of the week, and the topic seems likely to retain all its interest, for Prince Napoleon is still in the Conciergerie, and the Government do not seem to know what to do with their prisoner, or before what tribunal to try him. The Prince has been kept in strict confinement, and only allowed to see his sister, his son, and his two lawyers. His rooms have been searched, the offices of the *Petit Caporal* have been visited by the police, the Prince has been cross-questioned, but no traces of a plot have been discovered, and, according to the new press law, the Prince does not appear to have been guilty even of a misdemeanour in posting his opinions on the walls of Paris. The case is singular, and in order to attain its ends the Government will require a very special tribunal.

But what are the ends of the Government? Ah! This question brings us to the famous question of the conspiracies. Prince Napoleon's manifesto has thrown the Republicans into a state of consternation difficult to imagine. The deputies simply lost their heads, and for some days the public shared their absurd terror. In Paris, above all places in the world, people are not in the habit of asking for proof. Assertion is sufficient, provided it be piquant, scandalous, or extraordinary. And so, during the past week, Paris has been full of the strangest stories of plots—Bonapartist plots, Royalist plots, Orleansist plots. General de Charette, with his Chouans, was to have taken possession of Paris last Wednesday; the Duc d'Aumale has gained a large part of the army, and, with fifteen millions deposited in a London bank, he is prepared to execute a coup d'état one of these mornings! Then the big bankers are accused of plotting against the Republic. The *krach* and its consequences are the work of the reactionaries. There is positively no end to the silly developments of these silly rumours. And the curious thing is that sensible people finally become persuaded that there really is some cause for alarm. Who knows? After all, it might be so. In France everything is possible, especially what is unforeseen. However that may be, M. Floquet, M. Ballue, and the Ministry have each proposed measures in view of securing the Republic from plots. M. Floquet proposes the banishment, pure and simple, of all persons belonging to families which have reigned over France; M. Ballue's proposition deprives the Princes of the Orleans family of their military rank and commands; the proposition of the Government gives the President of the Republic a discretionary power of banishment against members of former reigning families, and power to place such of these persons as belong to the army in non-activity.

In the midst of the excitement caused by these events the judgment of the Lyons Anarchists has passed without comment in the press. Sentence was passed on Friday. Forty-seven of the accused were condemned, and five only acquitted. Prince Krapotkine, Emile Gauthier, Bernard, and Borda were condemned to five years' imprisonment, 1000f. fine, ten years' police surveillance, and five years' deprivation of civic rights. The sentences of the others vary as regards the terms of imprisonment from four years to six months. The tribunal considered the accused responsible for the bombs of the Café Bellecour, and held the Anarchist confederation of Lyons to be affiliated with the Internationale, and therefore to be punished by the law of 1872 on international associations.

On Sunday a calm and perfectly orderly meeting of over 3000 Anarchists was held at Tivoli-Vauxhall. The speakers all agreed that danger was to be feared from the d'Orleans family, of which the Government, the magistracy, and the army were the accomplices. The only thing to be done was for all the revolutionary parties to unite, re-establish the Commune, and kill off the *bourgeois*. There was much talk of barricades and of the employment of force, and the meeting separated in an orderly manner, after having voted a resolution demanding the abolition of the law on the Internationale and the immediate amnesty of the Lyons Anarchists.

Apart from these rumours of conspiracy and revolution there is not much to be recorded this week. Sarah Bernhardt has attempted to secure her share of public attention by announcing the sale of her diamonds, which will take place at the Hôtel Drouot on Feb. 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10. Sarah Bernhardt, it appears, is, so to speak, penniless. American dollars, British guineas, and Russian roubles slip through her hands like water. Hence the sale of diamonds in question.—At the theatres great events are preparing: at the Gymnase, "Monsieur le Ministre," by Claretie and Dumas; at the Variétés, "Mam'zelle Nitouche," by MM. Meilhac and Millaud, music by Hervé, in which Madame Judic will make her *réentrée*; at the Ambigu, "La Glu," which the censorship has authorised, after considerable alteration. At the lyric theatres there is nothing important to be noticed. Most of the "stars" seem to be at Monte-Carlo and Nice.—I notice in the shops grand displays of gentlemen's sunshades, "Départ pour Nice, grand choix d'ombrelles pour messieurs," and there is, in fact, a very considerable migration from Paris southwards. Happily, up to the present, winter has scarcely shown itself, and to-day we have as brilliant a sun at Paris as they have at Nice.—Yesterday morning, M. Gustave Doré, the eminent painter, sculptor, and draughtsman, died at his residence. The immediate cause of disease was a sharp attack of angina pectoris.—A duel was fought yesterday at Plessis-Piquet between M. Delort, the painter, and Colonel de Pommayrac, swords being the arms selected. In the first pass M. Delort was slightly wounded in the breast, and the doctors who were present deprecated a renewal of the combat.—The ex-Empress Eugénie arrived in Paris yesterday. She will remain only a short time, in order to see Prince Napoleon, Princess Mathilde, and other friends. [A telegram states that she left Paris on Wednesday morning to return to London. A private message had been conveyed to her from the President by the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, who is staying in the same hotel, to the effect that her presence in Paris was undesirable.] T. C.

The International Fine-Arts Exhibition at Rome was opened on Sunday by the King, accompanied by the Queen, the Prince of Naples, and the Court dignitaries. The Ministers, the members of the Diplomatic body, deputations from the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, and the Mayors of Rome and the principal cities of the kingdom, were also present. The Duke di Torlonia, acting for the Syndic of Rome, delivered an address to the King, who replied in gracious terms. His Majesty also complimented Signor Piacentini, the architect of the building. The King and the Royal family, attended by their suite, subsequently went through the exhibition, examining the principal objects of interest. Their Majesties were cordially received by the vast crowd.—Valeriani, the Irredentist who threw a stone at the Austrian Ambassador's carriage in Rome some weeks ago, was on Tuesday sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

Three great explosions occurred yesterday week in Holland at a gunpowder manufactory near the town of Muiden, about eight miles east of Amsterdam, when nearly every house was

unroofed, and much damage was done to neighbouring towns and villages. The explosions were heard in Amsterdam, and in its eastern suburb the window-panes in several houses were shattered. Twelve bodies have been found among the ruins.

Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria arrived at Madrid last Saturday, and was received at the station by the King, the principal members of the military staff, and the German Minister. His marriage with Dona Paz, the second sister of King Alphonso, will take place in April. The Infanta Paz is nineteen years of age. Replying to an interpellation in the Chamber, the Minister of Finance stated on Monday that he had directed immediate payment to be made of the coupons of the Three per Cent Consolidated Debt.—The people in Murcia are much alarmed at the numerous shocks of earthquake that have occurred, and many are camping out in the fields.

The Silver Wedding Festivities in Germany have been abandoned in consequence of the death of Prince Frederick Charles Alexander, last surviving brother of the German Emperor. A funeral service for the late Prince was celebrated on Tuesday afternoon in the death chamber, whence the remains were conveyed at a late hour to the Cathedral, there to lie in state until Wednesday evening. The silver wedding of the Crown Prince will, it is stated, still be celebrated, but in the most private and unostentatious manner, on Feb. 28, after the German Court has gone out of mourning. The Duke of Edinburgh was received at Berlin on the 18th inst. with great pomp as a member of the Russian Order of the Black Eagle. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh lunched on Monday with Lord Amphil, the British Ambassador. Later on, their Royal Highnesses were visited by the Crown Prince and Princess, and afterwards the Princess and the Duchess drove out together. The Duke and Duchess subsequently paid visits of condolence to all the members of the Royal and Imperial family, and in the evening dined with the Crown Prince and Princess. We are authorised to contradict the report referred to in some journals, that the German Government have purchased, or offered to purchase, the reversion of the Duchy of Coburg from the Duke of Edinburgh.—General Von Moltke, who has been ailing the last few weeks, has now completely recovered.—At the sitting of the German Parliament on the 18th inst. the President announced the receipt from Germans in St. Louis and Louisville of 30,000 and 16,000 marks for the sufferers by the floods. Thanks to the donors were voted.

The Session of the Swedish Riksdag was opened at Stockholm on the 17th inst. by the King in person. In the Speech from the Throne mention is made of the plenteous harvest of last year, and the excellent condition of the revenue, as well as of the good state of the iron and wood industries of the country. Among the bills announced are measures for a reduction of the land tax, called the "Grandskattorna," the reorganisation of the national defences, and for thorough changes in the taxation system of the country, so that land used for agricultural purposes may be placed on an equal footing with other landed property. The speech further announces a bill introducing new stamp duties, and another increasing the tax on the manufacture of spirits.

The Emperor of Russia was present on the 18th inst. at the annual ceremony of blessing the waters of the Neva, opposite the Winter Palace.—Further details of the catastrophe in Russian Poland give the total loss of life at 500.

Sir Edward Malet was presented at Cairo on Monday morning with a sword of honour for Lord Wolseley, and another for Lord Alcester, presented by the Arab notabilities, as well as a case of pistols for Major-General Drury Lowe.—The decree abolishing the financial control was promulgated at Cairo yesterday week.—It is announced from Cairo that the French Government have formally protested against the abolition of the Control. M. Brédif, the French Controller-General, has been recalled. M. Brédif took leave on Monday of the Khedive, who conferred on him the Grand Cordon of the Medjidieh, which is considered to prove that cordial relations are not interrupted.—The murderer of two Englishmen in the riot at Alexandria on June 11 last was hanged last Saturday.

We learn from New York that the Prohibitory Liquor Amendment to the State Constitution of Iowa, which was carried by a popular vote, has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of that State.—A serious disaster occurred to an express-train on the Southern Pacific Railway. Whilst crossing the Sierra Nevada Range, an extra locomotive being detached at the summit, the train ran back down the steep incline. Two sleeping-coaches left the track and were thrown over the embankment. Three cars fell on them, and the whole were consumed by fire, about twenty lives being reported lost.—While the Milwaukee Theatre was crowded on the 18th inst., a calcium light tank burst, and caused much damage, one person being killed and several others injured. The lights were extinguished, and a panic was averted only by the coolness of an employé.—Intense cold prevails at present throughout the Western States.

The Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise arrived at Charleston on the 19th inst. The Princess was to embark on Wednesday afternoon on board her Majesty's corvette Dido for Bermuda; the Marquis of Lorne leaving at the same time for Washington.—The Legislature of the Province of Quebec was opened on the 18th inst.—Mr. David Greenshields, a prominent citizen of Montreal, who died recently, has left nearly £25,000 to be divided among charitable and benevolent institutions in the Province of Quebec. The Montreal General Hospital and the McGill University each receive £8000. The elections to the new Legislature in Manitoba were held on Tuesday. Out of twenty-two provincial constituencies sixteen have returned Ministerial supporters, while six have elected Opposition candidates. The remaining eight constituencies will probably divide, it is thought.

Yesterday week the Cape Parliament was opened by Sir Hercules Robinson for an extraordinary Session to discuss the Basuto question. Sir Hercules Robinson in his speech said that in consequence of the altered state of affairs in Basutoland the Ministers had come to the conclusion that the interests of the country would best be served by abstaining from intervention in internal affairs, retaining, however, the control of external affairs. In Monday's sitting a debate took place on the Basuto question. The Premier said it was intended to establish self-government in Basutoland, while, however, retaining an Agent there.

The New South Wales Parliament was opened on the 17th inst. by the Governor, Lord Augustus Loftus. His Lordship congratulated the country on the flourishing state of its finances, the revenue having already exceeded the estimates made on Nov. 1 by £258,000. Among the Government measures announced were a bill for the establishment of high schools, and a comprehensive measure of land reform.—Another victory has been gained by Mr. Bligh's cricketing team at Sydney in its return-match with the Australian Eleven, who were beaten by an innings and twenty-seven runs.

A telegram from Durban, dated Wednesday, states that Cetewayo has reached Ulundi. The day of his coronation is not yet fixed. Mr. Fynn, the British resident in Cetewayo's territory, has arrived safely at his post.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

At the Haymarket, on Saturday, the 20th, the late Mr. Robertson's comedy of "Caste" was revived, before a crowded and exceptionally representative audience, and with triumphant success. There was, in truth, no valid reason why a drama which is altogether the best of the Robertsonian series should not be successful, and brilliantly so. "Caste" is a capital play, to begin with, possessing, as it does, a clear and straightforward plot just strong enough to prevent its being overweighted by the unusual strength given by the dramatist to his characters (there is not a weak part among the whole *dramatis personæ*), and full of human interest in which humour and pathos are balanced with artistic skill and technical cunning. I first saw "Caste" in the autumn of 1867, just after returning from an absence of two years on the Continent. I had only known as the Queen's, sometimes irreverently termed "the Dust hole," the house which had become the luxuriously decorated Prince of Wales's Theatre. I had never seen Miss Marie Wilton (Mrs. Bancroft), save as a versatile and accomplished actress in burlesque. I had known the admirable comedian, the late Mr. George Honey, of old, but Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Hare I had never seen, nor, indeed, ever heard of. The immediate impression produced on my mind was, that "Caste" was as real-seeming a play as the "Game of Speculation" (Balzac's "Mercadet"); and that not only was George Honey's Mr. Eccles as distinctly an original conception of character as was Charles Mathews's Mr. Affable Hawk, but that Mrs. Bancroft's Polly Eccles was also a type quite new to the stage; that the same might be said of Mr. John Hare's Sam Gerridge, and that the military "swells" of the period had rarely been so efficiently rendered as they were, in one phase of the character by Mr. Bancroft as Captain Hawtree, and in the other by a singularly able young actor whose name I forget, and whose delivery was marked by a somewhat thick utterance, who played George D'Alooy. Mrs. Leigh Murray was an old friend; but the Marquise de St. Maur, as she so excellently played it, was still only the patrician old lady with "blood on the brain" whom one has often met with in novels and on the stage (I never met with but one Marquise de St. Maur in real life, and I subsequently discovered that her first husband had been a West-End tailor); while Mrs. D'Alooy, charmingly played by Miss Lydia Foote, was but a dexterous revival of the sympathetic *ingénue*, and the loving and sorely-tried wives, whom one had seen behind the footlights many a time and oft. Of the original company who played in "Caste" only two, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, now figure in the Haymarket programme. George Honey and the original of D'Alooy are dead, and their places are taken by Mr. Conway and Mr. David James. Miss Gerard fills the rôle first played by Miss Lydia Foote, and Mrs. Stirling (in a wonderfully effective manner) that of the Marquise; while Mr. Brookfield, instead of Mr. Hare, is the Sam Gerridge. Yet to me, "Caste," at the Haymarket, was as natural, as real-seeming, and as finely acted last Saturday as it had been at the Prince of Wales's fifteen years ago.

There is not the slightest need to institute any comparison between the Eccles of the late Mr. George Honey and that of the happily living Mr. David James, for the simple reason that the one was and the other is distinctly original and independent of any need for imitiveness, and that the idiosyncrasies of Mr. Honey are not those of Mr. James. I have met with a goodly number of actresses' papas, and I could point to at least half a dozen of them (I hasten to explain that they are all long since deceased); and one of them might have sate to Tom Robertson for Mr. Eccles's expressive countenance and another for his voice, a third for his whiskers, a fourth for his boots and trousers, a fifth for his remarkable hat and still more remarkable pipe, and a sixth for his mean, shabby, shambling, selfish, alternately bullying and fawning, lazy, drunken nature. Mr. David James has, doubtless, known his own Eccleses; he has marked their "tricks and manners," and, like a true artist as he is, he has welded their varying characteristics into one harmonious whole. I say harmonious, because there can be harmony even in moral and physical ugliness. Eccles is throughout true to himself. He is thoroughly consistent. To rob a baby of its coral and to cower before its mother—before his daughter who, when she was a child, he had bullied and beaten, to sponge upon all and sundry, and to maunder over misfortunes for which he had only himself to thank: these are the harmonies in the character of Mr. Eccles; and there was not a false note in Mr. David James's superb impersonation of a thoroughpaced loafer, sneak, and sponge, continually slinking away "round the corner"—the corner being indifferently the tap-room of a pot-house, or a private box at the pawnbroker's. The Polly Eccles of Mrs. Bancroft was as vivacious, as natural, and as charming as ever; and she gave all the old emphasis to that curiously touching extenuation of her father's rascality in the repeated assertion that papa might have his failings, but that, after all, he was "a very clever man." There were those who wept for Nero, and paid the last offices to his worthless carcase, and laid him reverently in the tomb. They were but his old nurse and a courtesan, to be sure, who were sorry for him; but still their sorrow was something. So Polly Eccles, as she is inimitably represented by Mrs. Bancroft, loves her scoundrelly old sire, and she will weep bitterly, no doubt, when he dies of dropsy and cheap brandy at Jersey. There is no change to me in the excellence of Mr. Bancroft's Captain Hawtree. The rapid, blundering, ignorant, military "swell" is becoming, happily, a personage of the past; still his existence is not of so remote a date as to make him incomprehensible to a modern audience; while good nature, unobtrusive generosity, and the feelings of a kindly, honourable gentleman are, happily, always existent, and these qualities are all subtly rendered by Mr. Bancroft. Thackeray's Major Dobbin is really an extinct type of military life and manners. So is George Osborne. So is Rawdon Crawley. Military officers no longer put up at old Slaughter's Coffee-House now, or borrow money from the head waiters; and they certainly never "rook" their friends at cards. Yet modern readers of "Vanity Fair" find no difficulty at all, I should say, in understanding the characters of the military gentlemen dealt with by the novelist; and Captain Hawtree bears a strong resemblance to Major Dobbin without his cleverness; while George D'Alooy equally reminds us of a George Osborne who is not a conceited fop, and a Rawdon Crawley who is not a blackleg. Mr. Robertson, like Molière, took his property where he found it, but he did not appropriate his characters in bulk. He picked them up, piecemeal, and blended them together with some very good amalgam of his own.

Miss Gerard was very graceful and winning as Mrs. D'Alooy, and gave full vent to her rare capacity for the expression of passionate emotion. Mr. Conway adequately filled the thoroughly sympathetic part, full of courage, frankness, and loyalty, of George D'Alooy. I venture to think that it was a mistake in "make up" to represent George as a dark "swell." Captain Hawtree is also a dark "swell," and of the darkest. His friend and comrade should have been, for contrast sake, a tawny "swell." It is a rule in cookery that a brown sauce shall not follow a brown sauce, nor a white *plat* one of the same hue. What I have to say of Mrs. Stirling's magnificent rendering of the Marquise de St. Maur, and Mr. Brookfield's

excellent version of Sam Gerridge, I must, for reasons of space, reserve until next week. I think that "Caste" at the Haymarket will have a long and brilliant run. It deserves it.

I went on Monday to the Adelphi to see Mr. Charles Reade's three-act drama, founded on the Poet Laureate's exquisite little poem "Dora." Mr. Charles Reade is one of the most powerful and the most skilful dramatists of the day, and from the very slight materials for dramatisation afforded by the poem, the author of "It is Never Too Late to Mend" has constructed a play full of pathetic interest. He has introduced an entirely new character into the story in the shape of Luke Bloomfield, a young farmer, deeply in love with the heroine; he has made Mary Morrison a poor relation of Farmer Allan, and a kind of servant in his house; he has made William Allan marry her wholly for love, and not "half in love, half spite;" and, finally, he has not made Dora live "unmarried till her death," but in the last act makes her marry the devoted and chivalrous Luke Bloomfield. The dialogue is in parts very racy, and in others very pathetic, and there are some passages of really tragic power. Mr. Charles Warner played the passionate, odourate, vindictive, but ultimately mollified and penitent, old farmer, "whose will is law," with singular earnestness and strength. He was not too violent, and his "make-up" and facial expression were perfect. Mr. William Rignold looked a little too robust for Dora's devoted lover, and his preposterous Paul Pry-looking dress (which should be altered) made him look much older than a young farmer should appear; but his thoroughly manly and vigorous acting soon made the audience forget his sumptuary and physical shortcomings—or rather "stout" comings. The consumptive William Allan was rendered with much quiet feeling by Mr. E. H. Brooke. That intelligent and painstaking young actress, Miss Sophie Eyre, gave delicacy, grace, and pathos to the delightful part of Dora; and Miss Tennyson merits warm commendation for the touching and interesting manner in which she played Mary Morrison. The part is wholly in the minor key, and it must have been a considerable strain on Miss Tennyson to be plaintively subdued through three entire acts, and mainly in tears through two of them—even Dora is allowed an occasional outbreak of vivacity—but the exigencies of the story demand that Mary Morrison should be continually in trouble, and Miss Tennyson has loyally fulfilled the intent of the distinguished author of the play. Little Willie, William Allan's child, was intelligently played by a bright little mite of a girl, named Arnold. "Dora" began after "Love and Money," a great deal too late in the evening, and was not over until long past midnight. The audience were not ill-tempered, but they were tired out, and got at last rather restless. If "Dora" is played as a first piece, I shall go to see it again. It is throughout picturesque and pleasing, and in parts beautiful. The scenery is very good: one set scene of a verdant landscape, through which meanders a rippling brook crossed by a bridge (the bridge painted; the water real) is particularly clever. In the scene of the cornfield, the sheaves of corn (real straw) are better than the painting of the sunset sky, which is poor.

A highly-promising *débütante*, Miss Eweretta Lawrence made her appearance at a Gaiety matinee last week as Pauline in the "Lady of Lyons." The lady is not precisely a novice; but this was the first time of her undertaking the part of Lord Lytton's favourite heroine. I learn that she possesses many advantages, both natural and acquired; that she is, in the first place, young, pretty in feature, and symmetrical in form; and that, in the next place, she is graceful, intelligent, and refined. Miss Lawrence is said to be of Canadian extraction—possibly from Lower Canada, as I am told that her pronunciation (otherwise very fluent and correct) has the slightest *souçon* of a French accent. She was very cordially received, went through her part very capably, and seems to show bright promise. She was fortunate in having Mr. Hermann Vezin as Claude Melnotte and Mr. David Fisher as Colonel Damas.

G. A. S.

MUSIC.

Mr. Charles Hallé reappeared at the Popular Concert of last Saturday afternoon, and played, with his accustomed refinement and finish, Schubert's Impromptus, op. 142, Nos. 1, 2, and 4; exquisite pianoforte pieces which, small as they are in extent, are yet full of beauty and charm. Madame Norman-Néruda, supported by Herr Straus and Signor Piatti, led Beethoven's Serenade for stringed instruments with admirable style, as she did Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat, from op. 44, in association with the two artists just named and Mr. L. Ries. The lady violinist and Mr. Hallé gave full effect to Bach's second sonata for violin and pianoforte. The vocal music at Saturday's concert derived importance from having been rendered by Mr. E. Lloyd, who sang, with fine qualities of voice and style, Beethoven's "Adelaida," and Signor Piatti's serenade, "Awake, awake," the latter with the special feature of the composer's violoncello obbligato. The concert of Monday evening brought forward for the first time Brahms's new pianoforte trio. The work is classed as op. 87, and is constructed on the classical symphonic model, consisting of a first and final "Allegro"; and an intermediate "Andante," followed by a "Scherzo." Like all Herr Brahms's most pretentious works, his trio contains evidence of more laborious workmanship than musical inspiration. The best portion is the "Andante," which consists of a theme of distinctly Hungarian character, which is varied with much ingenuity but in somewhat dry fashion. In the other movements, subjects that are generally trite in themselves are surrounded with discursive and elaborate passages that have a disjointed and fragmentary effect. The trio owed its chief effect to its excellent performance by Mr. Charles Hallé, Madame Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti. Other items of the concert call for no specific remark beyond recording the special success obtained by Miss Thudichum in her refined and intelligent delivery of Handel's aria (from his opera "Allessandro"), "Lusinghe più care," and Franz's lied, "Im Herbst." The concert of this (Saturday) afternoon will be especially interesting, the programme consisting entirely of music by Mozart, in celebration of the anniversary of the composer's birthday.

The Covent Garden Promenade Concerts closed on Monday evening, in order to allow of sufficient time for the completion of required alterations in the theatre previous to the opening of the Italian opera season. The closing concerts have shown no diminution of interest. Madame Rose Hersee made her first appearance last week after a long illness, and sang with marked success.

"Haydn's 'Creation'" was very effectively rendered by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society last week; the solos by Madame Marie Roze, Mr. Maas, and Mr. Santley—the performance conducted, as usual, by Mr. Barnby. This was the fifth concert of the twelfth season. On the next occasion—Feb. 7—"The Messiah" is to be given.

The first evening ballad concert of Mr. John Boosey's new season took place at St. James's Hall on Wednesday, when the arrangements were of the varied and popular character which has long proved so successful at these concerts. The

programme included the names of eminent solo singers, in addition to the members of the South London Choral Association; and the distinguished violinist, Madame Norman-Néruda, and pianist, Madame Sophie Menter, were again engaged. A copious selection from the many favourite songs of Mr. Arthur Sullivan was a special feature in the programme.

The first of a new series of Mr. Henry Holmes's "Musical Evenings" took place at the Royal Academy of Music on Wednesday, when his programme included the production of Herr Brahms's new string quintet. Of this we must speak next week.

The anniversary of Burns's birthday was celebrated, musically, at the Royal Albert Hall and St. James's Hall on Thursday evening. The concert at the first-named place comprised a varied selection of characteristic music, associated with the names of several eminent vocalists, and included the co-operation of a full orchestra, the pipers of the Scots Guards, and the members of Mr. W. Carter's efficient choir. In addition to music of a Scottish character, the Garden scene from "Faust" was given, in costume. Equal attractions were announced for the St. James's Hall concert, for which Mr. H. A. Lambeth's Balmoral choir was specially engaged.

The second concert of Mr. Willing's choir will take place at St. James's Hall next Tuesday evening, when "Elijah" will be performed.

The Bach choir—directed by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt—will give the first of three subscription concerts at St. James's Hall next Thursday, when the programme will comprise a selection of unaccompanied music by old and modern masters.

Madame Adelina Patti is pursuing a career of triumphant success in America. The receipts at the performance of the 4th inst. at Philadelphia amounted to 12,000 dollars (£2400).

It is proposed to give a performance of M. Gounod's oratorio "The Redemption," at Milan, in aid of the sufferers by the inundations in Italy.

ALLEGED CONSPIRACY TO MURDER.

Our largest Engraving presented in this week's Paper shows the scene, on Saturday last, in the Northern Divisional Police Court of Dublin, where twenty persons—one a Town Councillor, two or three clerks, the others, small tradesmen or artisans—were accused of being in a conspiracy to murder officials, Judges, and jurymen, from motives of political hatred. The proceedings on Saturday afternoon were limited to the examination of a single witness, Robert Farrell, the informer, whose evidence has not yet been corroborated by any other. The hearing, which was conducted by three magistrates, Mr. C. J. O'Donnell, Mr. Woodlock, and Dr. Keys, Q.C., was then adjourned to the Saturday of this week.

The prisoners, who were brought from Richmond jail in covered vans, with a large escort of mounted police, were named as follows:—Mr. James Carey, builder, of Denzille-street, a member of the Dublin Town Council; Joseph Mullett, clerk; Patrick Whelan, clerk; Daniel Curley, carpenter, of Mount-street; Joseph and Laurence Hanlon, carpenters, of Camden-street; Joseph Brady, stonecutter; Peter Doyle and Timothy Kelly, coachbuilders; Thomas Martin, compositor; Henry Bowles and John Dwyer, tailors; Edward M'Caffrey, van driver; James Mullett, publican, of Lower Bridge-street; Peter Carey, mason; Daniel Delany, carpenter; William Moroney and Edward O'Brien, shoemakers; George Smith, bricklayer; and Michael Fegan, blacksmith. They were all respectably dressed. Patrick Whelan stood at one end of the dock, occupied in taking notes. His wife, and the wives or relatives of several of the prisoners, were in court.

The counsel who appeared for the prosecution was Mr. Murphy, Q.C., accompanied by Mr. P. O'Brien, Q.C., and instructed by Mr. G. Bolton, Crown Solicitor. Mr. Hamilton, the Under-Secretary for Ireland, and Mr. Jenkinson, Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department, were present. Mr. Killen, a barrister, appeared for two of the prisoners.

The informer, Robert Farrell, the sole witness against them on Saturday, is a man about twenty-eight years of age, of middle height and strongly built, with red hair and sandy whiskers, inclining to grey. He is a labourer and a native of Dublin, and about seven years ago was a sworn member of the Fenian brotherhood. About eighteen months ago, he says, he was made a member of the inner circle, which was chiefly intended to assassinate Government officials. He was introduced by Daniel Curley, and told that those who belonged to the inner circle would not know one another, only those who were on their right and their left. At meetings of the inner circle he met several of the prisoners. As to particular acts of crime, or attempts to perpetrate such acts, he spoke of one plot to murder Mr. Forster, when that right hon. gentleman was Chief Secretary for Ireland; again, of the murderous attack on Mr. Field, the Dublin juror; and of an intention to murder the foreman of the jury in Hynes's case, as well as to murder Judge Lawson. He stated that Daniel Curley, the "man on his right hand," whose orders he was bound to obey, directed him to stop Mr. Forster's carriage on the bridge, when Kelly and Brady were to kill him. He carried that day a revolver given him by Daniel Curley. He made a mistake, and failed to recognise the carriage. In other parts of his evidence, he more directly implicated Joseph Mullett, as having given directions for the attack on Judge Lawson, in which attempt this witness was fortunately arrested. Much of the remainder was hearsay evidence, of what he had heard some of the prisoners say about each other, in connection with the recent attempts to murder.

Cardinal McCabe has received a letter from the Pope on the condition of Ireland, warning the people against the purposes and deeds of "unhallowed associations," and denouncing the perpetrators of those crimes which have imprinted a "foul stain on their country's cause."—Mr. O'Brien, editor of *United Ireland*, has been committed for trial in Dublin on the charge of publishing a seditious libel in that journal. Mr. O'Brien was on Wednesday elected member for the representation of Mallow, in opposition to the Solicitor-General for Ireland.—Judgment was given in the Queen's Bench, Dublin, on Wednesday in the case of the Queen against Messrs. Davitt, Healy, and Quinn. The Court held unanimously that the defendants were guilty of uttering language calculated to lead to a breach of the peace. The Lord Chief Justice held that the language was distinctly seditious and an incitement to civil war; Mr. Justice Lawson added that language more blasphemous than that used by Mr. Davitt he had never read; and Mr. Justice Barry concurred. Messrs. Davitt and Healy were required to find sureties each in £1000, and two in £500 each, and Mr. Quinn in £500, and two securities in £250 each. Messrs. Davitt and Quinn were in attendance. One week was allowed the defendants to obtain bail.—Sylvester Poff and Thomas Barrett, convicted at the last Cork Assizes of the murder of Thomas Brown at Castleisland last October, were hanged on Tuesday morning in Cork jail. They both left written statements asserting their innocence.



1. Arrival of the prisoners. 2. The prisoners in the dock. 3. The witness Farrell. 4. General view of the Court.

THE CONSPIRACY TO MURDER GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS IN DUBLIN: THE TWENTY PRISONERS AT THE POLICE COURT LAST SATURDAY.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY.

Dividends and reports are still playing an important part in the stock market. The meeting of the London and Brighton Railway stockholders takes place to-day, but though I am able to wait to note what is said on behalf of the board, the feeling is so strong that, like the report, it will be reassuring that an important rebound has taken place in prices, thus illustrating the soundness of my recent advice to real holders to ignore all rumours and hold on. This time last week the deferred stock was 114½, while it is now 119½. The Great Eastern dividend of 3½ against 3¼ per cent per annum is not only up to expectation, but it is accompanied by proposals for an allotment of new ordinary stock at 70, with dividend accruing from Jan. 1, 1884, which is to a small extent a bonus to the present stockholders. A fall of several per cent has taken place in Metropolitan District Railway stock in connection with the fear that the forthcoming report will be unfavourable, and those who recall the somewhat strained nature of the last statement can readily fall in with such misgivings, little as they may know of what has been the experience of the company. It is worth noting that at the meeting of the Metropolitan Company Sir Edward Watkin, in referring to the new capital expenditure, and the necessity of paying interest thereon, stated that in the past half-year revenue had borne £15,000 in respect of interest on unproductive capital, and he calculated that they would be taxed in this way for three more half-years. Sir Edward inclines to charge the reserve for this, and in writing last week I took for granted that the dividend would not be encroached upon in connection with it, but nearly all the directors are in favour of doing so, and apparently the scale of division will for the present be reduced to 4 per cent. The strike on the Caledonian Railway caused a moderate fall in the stock, and, as the men have practically conquered, the fear that an increased per centage of working expenses will follow has prevented the price regaining its former position now that the strike is concluded.

Perhaps the most depressed group of securities just now is that which includes the set of international securities most known in France. The theatrical move of Prince Napoleon, followed as it was by an alleged discovery of plots by another set of pretenders, and a panic-born proposal of the Government to expel all the members of past reigning families, were events which were recognised here as capable of for some time injuring a market already weak and desponding; and the experience has been even more than was feared. The provinces of France have been quite shaken by these events; while in other Continental centres there has been little desire to take up the stock offered. The effect was especially severe upon Spanish, because that stock is largely in the hands of certain Paris combinations, and has been so held since the refunding. A little time will probably restore some measure of both political and market tranquillity. A more permanent injury is resulting to vast numbers of Europeans from the floods, while agriculturists, both here and on the Continent, are in great distress at the practical loss of all that was sown in the autumn, and the impossibility of getting on the land to proceed with that which should be done by the spring. And we know too well from the experience of recent years that without a fair degree of prosperity among agriculturists trade must droop.

Nothing particular has been said at any of the Bank meetings, though it is worth noting that at the gathering of the London and Westminster shareholders the chairman indicated that some diminution of dividend must be expected now that the new capital ranked upon profits. For the past five years the dividend has been 18 per cent per annum, and perhaps 16 may now be looked for. Naturally enough, the increasing divergence of the Bank rate and the working value of money has been frequently commented upon. The experience of the second half of 1882 was quite exceptional in this respect. The average standard rate at the Bank of England was 4.30 per cent, and the average deposit rate allowed by the banks was 3, leaving a good margin so far; but the average working rate of discount was 3½, and for short loans, in which large sums are employed, the rate was 2½. T. S.

We may here commend, to the use of all requiring prompt and correct information upon the matters currently discussed by the writer of our "City Echoes," three books of reference which have been sent to us by their respective publishers. The "Stock Exchange Year-Book," for 1883, by Mr. Thomas Skinner (publisher, Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), is in the ninth year of its existence. It is a complete and most instructive work, giving precise accounts of all kinds of Government securities, British, colonial, and foreign, and municipal, those offered by railways, banks, insurance and other joint-stock companies, which are properly classified, and the companies in each class placed in alphabetical order. The names of the directors, as well as the latest dividends and statements of assets and liabilities, are given in each case, with the subscribed and the paid-up capital. The second book, also compiled by Mr. T. Skinner, is called "The Directory of Directors," and is published by himself at 1, Royal Exchange-buildings. It is a list of the names, professions, and addresses of all directors of joint-stock companies in the United Kingdom. Mr. Skinner's third compilation is that which sets forth, half-yearly, the position of the "London Banks" and of kindred Companies and Firms, giving their most recently published balance-sheets, as well as an exact account of their history. All these are very useful works.

Mr. Thomas Laing, of Linhouse, West Calder, has left the residue of his estate, which amounts to over £30,000, to the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF				THERMOM.		WIND.		General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours, read at 9 a.m. next morning.	Rain in 24 hours, read at 9 a.m. next morning.
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 5 p.m.	Minimum, read at 1 p.m.	Force.			
January	Inches.	° F.	° F.	° F.	(0-10)	° F.	° F.	SE. E. SE.		Miles.	In.
14	29.484	39.4	30.4	88	9	43.3	35.4	SE. E. SE.		148	0.180
15	29.381	43.0	40.1	89	8	47.9	38.5	S. SW.		205	0.535
16	29.838	39.0	35.8	83	4	45.3	35.0	SE. W. SW.		123	0.030
17	30.122	44.2	42.7	94	10	47.6	30.7	W. E.		248	0.020
18	30.149	47.8	45.9	93	8	50.7	42.8	SW.		296	0.060
19	30.217	44.8	42.6	92	10	49.9	35.3	SW. S.		256	0.035
20	30.245	45.8	43.0	90	10	49.4	42.5	SW. W. SW.		180	0.040

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock, a.m. :—

Barometer (in inches) corrected	29.348	29.348	29.348	29.348	29.348	29.348	29.348	29.348	29.348	29.348	29.348
Temperature of Air	37.1	42.2	37.7	44.8	40.0	40.8	47.9	45.9	45.9	45.9	45.9
Temperature of Evaporation	38.4	41.8	36.9	43.8	40.0	40.8	47.9	45.9	45.9	45.9	45.9
Direction of Wind	SE.	SW.	W.	S.	SW.	SW.	SW.	SW.	SW.	SW.	SW.

MEMBERS OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

The Marquis of Hartington may well have felt thankful to Sir Richard Cross for his sweeping condemnation of the Government in the Cambridge Hall, Southport, on the 17th inst. This breaking of the comparative silence which the Conservative leaders have generally observed of late gave the new Secretary for War something to answer. If Sir Richard Cross could only succeed in inspiring his hearers with that sublime confidence in him which his dogmatic, self-assertive accents betoken he feels in himself, the difficult question of the leadership of the headless Conservative Party would be soon settled. Put on one side the irrepressible egotism of manner that characterises the delivery of the ex-Home Secretary, and it may be admitted he fought well, and, in pugilistic parlance, "put in his right" with good effect now and again. Sir Richard Cross scored, for example, in claiming that since the General Election the Conservatives had won ten seats; in reminding the Ministry that it had been "ignominiously" defeated in the House on the Bradlaugh question, and weakened by the secession of the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Bright. Nor could he see that the Government had displayed "transcendent administrative abilities" either in the Transvaal or in Ireland, or with regard to the national expenditure, as it is "higher than it has ever been before." The Government was also held responsible for the War in Egypt, which, the speaker argued, might have been prevented by an earlier exhibition of "firmness." As for the projected measures for the assimilation of the county with the borough franchise, and the redistribution of seats, if the rights of Property were to be assailed, those bills "would meet with the determined opposition of the Conservative Party."

Now (as Mr. Bright justly said at the Reform Club in recommending the Marquis of Hartington for the leadership of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons when Mr. Gladstone retired—*pour mieux sauter*—nearly ten years ago), the new Secretary for War possesses in an eminent degree precisely those English qualities of "hard-headedness" that enable him to "smash, destroy, and pulverise" the specious arguments of a political antagonist. Lord Hartington rose to the occasion when he came to address his constituents in North-east Lancashire. His Lordship, accompanied to the Bacup meeting by his colleague, Mr. Grafton, quickly buckled to. He parried one blow of Sir Richard Cross by retorting that, albeit the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Bright had parted from their colleagues on individual questions, yet they remain as firmly attached as ever to "the general policy of her Majesty's Government." With the country the Government was still popular, because the public placed "unbroken trust in the absolute honesty and good faith and the principles of the men by whom your Government is administered." A warm eulogium of the Prime Minister followed; and Lord Hartington did not conceal the anxiety felt by himself and fellow-Ministers as to Mr. Gladstone's natural tendency to overwork himself, although he looked forward hopefully to the benefit the Premier would derive from his rest and the lightening of his labours. In his best vein were his Lordship's bantering allusions to the disorganisation of the Conservative Party, and to the contemplated crusade of its younger spirits under the late Lord Beaconsfield's flag of "Tory Democracy and Imperialism." Deep sympathy was roused when Lord Hartington referred (for the first time in public since the mournful event occurred) to the assassination of his brother, Lord Frederick Cavendish, in Phoenix Park. Subduing his personal feelings on this sad subject, his Lordship manfully dealt in a statesman-like tone with the Irish difficulty. He boldly claimed that the Land Act had so far appeased agrarian discontent that already "20,000 fair rents have been fixed by the Commissioners," and—"a far more hopeful sign for the future, 23,000 voluntary arrangements have been registered under the Land Act." Similarly efficacious had been the necessary Repression of Crime Act. Whereas, "in the six months previous to March 31 of last year agrarian outrages had reached the fearful sum of 3026" . . . "in the three months which ended with Dec. 31 last year, they were reduced to 285." As for the existing distress, the resources of the local authorities would cope with that. Emphatically did the Marquis of Hartington set his face against the visionary notion of "complete legislative independence" for Ireland, and the establishment of "a separate, perhaps hostile, Government on Irish shores." At the same time, there was no reason why the machinery of local self-government which is about to be devised for English counties should not be given—with proper safeguards—to Ireland,

so soon as we can be assured that the Irish people and their leaders have recognised this, the inevitable fact, that they are and must remain an integral portion of the British Empire (Cheers).

The luminous and important speech of the Marquis of Hartington at Bacup did not disclose the intentions of the Government with regard to the county franchise and the redistribution of seats; but, as it was pungently remarked that the passing of these reforms would be equivalent to "happy dispatch" on the part of the present Parliament, it is not likely this bill, or these bills, will be introduced until the rest of the Ministerial programme is exhausted. The adoption of the Procedure Rules would enable the House to deal with the questions of County Government, compensation for tenants' improvements, and other reforms. Resuming the thread of his discourse in the Darwin Theatre on Saturday night, Lord Hartington also included a reform of the licensing laws among the measures the Ministry ought to be able to pass, and was cheered when he dropped a hint in favour of giving the ratepayers more control over the granting of licenses. His Lordship then said he had resigned with regret the Secretaryship for India (rendered necessary by the Ministerial changes); paid a passing tribute to Mr. Fawcett for the great interest he had ever taken in Indian affairs, and to Mr. J. K. Cross, the new Under-Secretary for India; adding a warm punegyric of Lord Ripon's thoughtful, considerate, and wise rule as Viceroy. Finally, Lord Hartington sought to justify the Ministerial policy in Egypt; *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse* was the proverb somehow suggested by his elaborate disquisition on this moot point. Neat, however, was this little dig in the ribs of Lord Salisbury:—

We have not sought to aggrandise the British dominions by the annexation of a useless island (laughter)—but, having one of the richest and most fertile countries in the East at our feet, we have determined to leave it as soon as we have restored to it a Government more free, more stable, and more national than that which we found in existence before (Cheers).

The great Land question—on this side of St. George's Channel—will not be touched, save in a nibbling way, by the Government (it seems from Lord Hartington's speeches) in the present Parliament. Yet many weighty reasons were offered by Mr. James Howard at Tunbridge Wells last Saturday, in the address he delivered before the East Sussex branch the Farmers' Alliance, for the prompt settlement of those reforms, which would, he reckoned, bring about an increase of from £80,000,000 to £100,000,000 in the product of the soil. The justice of granting tenants compensation for improvements was pointed out about the same time by the Earl of Durham at Newcastle.

Mr. Goschen, as a Minister of Mr. Gladstone's last

Administration, felt called upon at Ripon on Monday to deprecate the idea that he imagined himself like a fish out of water because he happened to be excluded from office now. That the right hon. gentleman is still disinclined to abandon principle for place was made plain by his standing fast by his objections to the extension of the county franchise. At the same time, Mr. Goschen was quite ready to support the Ministerial measures for County Boards and land reform. Obviously, the War in Egypt was approved by him.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone has modestly kept himself in the background in the House of Commons. But the youngest son of the Prime Minister is a lively platform orator, with a pleasant and sometimes humorous style that is very taking. Leeds appreciates these rare qualities. Plaudits were frequent when Mr. H. Gladstone addressed his Leeds constituents on the 19th inst., and favoured them with the business-like announcement that the Government would doubtless bring forward bills dealing with the Municipal Government of London, Bankruptcy (the regulation of which is certainly a mockery and a snare now), Corrupt Practices at Elections, Rivers and Floods, Patents, besides the County Franchise and Redistribution of Seats, to be deferred to a later Session. Equally relished were the judicious remarks of Mr. Herbert Gladstone on the lapsed French Treaty the previous day at the Leeds Chamber of Commerce, where Mr. Barran, Mr. Jackson, and Sir J. Ramsden also spoke to the point.

Two stars of the Conservative constellation have shone with softened radiance this week. Sir Michael Hicks Beach, removing the bushel from his light at Cirencester on Monday, cannot be said to have hopefully illuminated the land by his comments on the report of the Royal Commission on Agriculture. The special luminary of the Manchester Conservative Club the following night, Colonel Stanley, threw the radiance of his countenance upon the absent leaders of the Conservative Party, which would rally to the support of the Marquis of Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote "when the crisis came."

The National Reform Union meantime met at Manchester on Tuesday, and stimulated the Government to press on with domestic reforms.

THE COURT.

Princesses Marie, Victoria, and Alexandra, of Edinburgh, are staying with her Majesty during their parents' absence in Germany. Count Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, had an audience of her Majesty yesterday week, and presented his credentials. The Right Hon. Sir W. Vernon Harcourt, acting for Earl Granville, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, had an audience of the Queen after his introduction of the Ambassador. Her Majesty's dinner party included Princess Beatrice, Count Nigra, the Countess of Erroll, the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, the Right Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby, the Hon. Lady Biddulph, the Right Hon. Sir W. Vernon Harcourt, Captain Bigge, and the Master of the Household. The Rev. H. M. Villiers and Mrs. Villiers were presented to her Majesty last Saturday, on their marriage. The Very Rev. George Connor, Dean of Windsor, and his daughter, Mrs. Ernest Wilberforce, and the Rev. Randall Davidson, son-in-law to the late Archbishop of Canterbury and Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, were of the Royal dinner circle. Divine service was performed at Osborne on Sunday by the Rev. Randall Davidson; her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Marie of Edinburgh attending. The anticipated joyful celebration of the Silver Wedding of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany has been marred by the death of Prince Charles of Prussia, only surviving brother of the Emperor of Germany, second cousin to the Queen, and grandfather to the Duchess of Connaught. Lord Sackville and Major-General Du Plat, who were sent to Berlin to attend the Silver Wedding on her Majesty's part, attended Prince Charles's funeral on behalf of the Queen. Colonel Sir Howard Elphinstone left London for Berlin on Tuesday to represent the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at the funeral. The Court went into mourning the same day, and will so continue until Feb. 2. The Prince of Wales, who was to have left for Berlin on Monday, deferred his departure. Various non-commissioned officers, a bugler, and a gunner of the Royal Marines have been decorated by the Queen with the medal for conspicuous gallantry in Egypt.

The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived at Marlborough House last Saturday from Sandringham. Their Royal Highnesses attended Divine service on Sunday. The Italian Ambassador was received by the Prince and Princess at Marlborough House on Tuesday, on his appointment. Their Royal Highnesses went to the Haymarket Theatre in the evening. The Prince has appointed Sir Hardinge Stanley Giffard, Knt., Q.C., M.P., to be Constable of Launceston Castle.

The Duchess of Connaught and Strathearn has continued to make the most favourable progress towards convalescence, and her son is well. The Duke of Connaught has consented to preside at the anniversary festival of the Metropolitan Free Hospital, which will be held at Freemasons' Tavern on April 11.

Prince Christian left Windsor on Monday for Germany. Princess Christian accompanied her husband to town, whence his Royal Highness proceeded by the Flushing route to Berlin, where he arrived on Tuesday. The Prince will visit Primkinnau, Silesia, before his return. Miss Emily Elizabeth Loch is appointed Woman of the Bedchamber to the Princess, in the room of Lady Susan Leslie Melville, who is to be Honorary Lady of the Bedchamber to her Royal Highness.

The marriage was celebrated on Tuesday of Lord Cloncurry with Miss Laura Sophia Priscilla Winn, daughter of Mr. Rowland Winn, of Nostell Priory, Yorkshire, and M.P. for North Lincolnshire. The ceremony was performed in the church in Nostell Park. At Christ Church, Down-street, on Tuesday, Mr. Sydney George Holland, eldest son of Sir H. Thurston Holland, Bart., M.P., was married to Lady Mary Ashburnham, youngest daughter of the late Earl of Ashburnham, and cousin of the Earl of Aberdeen and the Earl of Harrington.

The annual banquet in aid of the funds of the French Hospital and Dispensary will be held to-day (Saturday) at Willis's Rooms, under the immediate patronage of the French Ambassador, who has consented to take the chair.

British bankers, merchants, and manufacturers should find "Street's Indian and Colonial Mercantile Directory" an indispensable volume. The new edition of this work for 1882-3 reflects great credit on the publishers, Messrs. G. Street and Co., of 30, Cornhill. It is at once a gazetteer and a commercial guide. With infinite industry, the principal facts and figures to the trading classes have been collected. The result is a book which yields classified information as to the names of the leading merchants and professional men in every Indian or Colonial centre of importance; tells the fares, and times, and places of departure for each port, with particulars of the trade returns, products, tariffs, and populations. An ample list of British manufacturers and shipping agents is appended; and "Street's Indian and Colonial Mercantile Directory" is enriched by eighteen excellent colour maps.

THE CHURCH.

The Archbishop-Designate of Canterbury has been elected President of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy.

Sir William Armstrong has subscribed £500 towards the fund for the adornment of Newcastle Cathedral.

The church dedicated to St. James, for the hamlet of Marden Ash, High Ongar, Essex, was opened for public worship yesterday week.

One of the first confirmations for the year 1883 was held by the Bishop of Rochester on Sunday afternoon in the parish church of St. Mary, Lewisham, when 300 candidates presented themselves, of which fully two thirds were females.

The Romany Dramatic Club has volunteered to give a performance (under the special patronage of the Earl of Mount Edgumbe) in aid of the building fund of Truro Cathedral on Thursday, Feb. 1, at St. George's Hall, Langham-place.

The Rev. Canon Wilkinson, of St. Peter's, Eaton-square, has intimated his acceptance of the Diocese of Truro; and the Ven. Archdeacon Lewis has accepted the offer of the Bishopric of Llandaff.

The Archbishop of York on Monday addressed meetings in several large workshops in connection with a Church of England Mission being held at Leeds, and in the evening spoke at a crowded meeting of working men in the Townhall.

The plans of the new church intended to be built on the West Cliff at Whitby have been completed by Mr. Johnson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The church will be of stone, and built on a site given by Sir George Elliot, M.P. The cost will be between £20,000 and £30,000.

The Archbishop-Designate (Dr. Benson) will be "confirmed" into the Archbishopric of Canterbury by a Commission of Bishops, before the Vicar-General and the Registrar of the Province, at Bow church, Cheapside, on Saturday, March 3, at eleven a.m. The enthronement of the new Primate in Canterbury Cathedral will take place on Thursday, March 29.

A painted window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, has been presented to the Church of Holy Trinity, Anerley, by Mr. Truefitt, in memory of his son.—A handsome stained-glass east window of three lights (by Messrs. Mayer and Co.) has been inserted in the parish church of Langham, Essex. At the foot of the window are the words:—"Given by Edward Channery Ellis, Rector, Alice, his wife, and Mary, his sister, 1882."—Two handsome stained-glass windows have been placed in St. Maurice's Church, York, in memory of the late Mr. William Gray, for many years the Under-Sheriff of Yorkshire, of which church the deceased laid the foundation-stone.

As a result of an inquiry held by the Charity Commissioners last year respecting the revenues of the French Walloon Church at Canterbury, an order has just been issued appointing the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean of Canterbury, and the Archdeacon of Canterbury for the time being respectively, together with six other persons, to be trustees for the administration of the charities belonging to the church. The Society of the Congregation known as the French Walloons hold their church meetings in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral; the pastor is the Rev. J. A. Martin, of the French Protestant Church; and the services are regularly attended by the descendants of a body of French and Flemish refugees, who settled in Canterbury about 300 years ago.

LOSS OF THE CIMBRIA.

The steam-ship *Cimbria*, which belonged to the Hamburg-American Company, and left Hamburg on Thursday, the 18th inst., with 380 passengers and 110 crew, came into collision with the steamer *Sultan*, at half-past two on Friday morning, last week, in a thick fog, off Borkum Reef, and received such damage that she sank soon afterwards. Directly the collision occurred boats were lowered, life-belts were distributed among the passengers, and strenuous efforts were made to save the lives of those on board. Two of the boats were picked up on Sunday morning by the English barque *Theta*, Captain Clarke, and their half-frozen crews, numbering thirty-nine persons, treated in the kindest possible manner; these thirty-nine were landed by the *Theta* at Cuxhaven. A third boat with seventeen occupants was picked up by the vessel *Diamant* near the West Lighthouse, and a fourth has arrived at Borkum with nine passengers; but all these make a total of only sixty-five out of 490 human beings. One of those saved states that after leaving the sinking vessel in a boat they were capsized, and sought refuge in such of the rigging of the *Cimbria* as still remained above the waves. In this position they remained for ten hours, freezing with cold, and expecting every moment to be their last, until they were at length rescued by a boat from the *Diamant*. Many of those who were in the boat when it left the *Cimbria* were drowned on its capsizing, and many more of their number after reaching the rigging were obliged, one by one, to release their hold, and were drowned.

One passenger cut his throat in a fit of insanity. Another in the shrouds begged his neighbours to push him into the sea, he being too chilled to move. They refused, and he let himself fall headlong into the waves. An elderly woman was washed away from the deck, holding her Bible in her cramped hands, and singing loudly funeral hymns. There was a company of Swedish singers engaged for New York on board. Two of them, girls, having life-belts, swam about a long time, frantically crying "Help, help! Save us." The people in the rigging replied, "Come to the rigging; we cannot move." The girls, half benumbed, no longer able to swim, cried out for the last time, "We cannot come," and disappeared beneath the waves.

All of the survivors praise in the highest terms the conduct of the captain and crew of the *Cimbria*, who never moved from their posts, and did everything in the power of man to save life until they themselves were engulfed in the waves. The women and children were placed first in the boats. Nos. 1 and 7 got off clear; but No. 5, being overcrowded, capsized at once. The work was extremely difficult, because the ship soon heeled over to starboard. The first officer held burning torches, and went down with the ship. The second officer was cutting spars loose from the deck until the water reached him. He was picked up by one of the boats. The third and fourth officers and the second engineer were also saved, but the captain and the North Sea Pilot went down with the ship, standing on the bridge. The survivors describe the moment of the ship's sinking as terrible. The air was filled with the cries of the drowning. Hundreds remained floating for a short time till benumbed by the icy water. In a few minutes all was over.

The *Sultan* arrived at Cuxhaven on Saturday night with a large hole in her bows, seven feet above the water-line, but water-tight. Her captain and officers have been placed under arrest by the German authorities. The captain has made a statement, in which he throws the blame of the disaster on those in charge of the lost vessel.

Mr. S. W. Casserley, barrister-at-law, of the Middle Temple, has been appointed Junior Counsel to the Post Office on the Midland Circuit, in succession to Mr. J. S. Dugdale, Q.C.

HOME NEWS.

The Rev. Ernest Owen, M.A., has been appointed Master of Llandaff Cathedral School.

The Marquis of Hartington has accepted the Vice-Presidency of the Royal Army Coffee Taverns Association.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. intend to issue an illustrated monthly magazine.

Mr. George Martin, wharfinger, was on Wednesday elected Common Councilman of the City of London.

Miss Alice Cruttenden, a pupil of Miss Cowen, will give a Dramatic Recital next Thursday evening at Steinway Hall.

It has been decided that the Volunteer Review will be held at Brighton on Easter Monday.

A fancy costume ball will be held at the Royal Albert Hall on Feb. 6 in aid of the Bolingbroke Pay Hospital.

The Hunterian Oration will be given at the Royal College of Surgeons on Feb. 14 by Mr. Spencer Wells, President.

Mr. W. H. White, one of the Chief Constructors at Whitehall, has resigned his position to take up a managerial appointment in the firm of Sir Joseph Whitworth.

The beginning of February has been proposed by England for the opening of the Danube Conference in London, and most of the Cabinets have accepted the proposal.

The first number of the *National Review* will appear with the magazines for March. Messrs. Allen and Co., of Waterloo-place, are the publishers.

The strike of Caledonian Railway servants has terminated, the men resuming work on the understanding that the company's officials would consider their grievances.

A young lady named Mary Lewis has committed suicide by throwing herself from the Crumlin Viaduct, Wales, into the valley beneath, a distance of 220 feet.

A paper by Sir William Fox, entitled *A Chapter in the History of New Zealand*, was read at the meeting of the Colonial Institute on Tuesday evening by the secretary, and discussed at some length.

The steamer *Chyebassa* left Plymouth on the 17th inst. for Queensland with 357 souls, consisting of forty married couples, 108 single men, sixty-three single women, seventy-eight children, and sixteen infants.

Mr. H. Doughty Browne, for many years deputy-chairman of the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway Company, has been elected chairman of that company, in the place of Mr. Charles Bischoff, who has resigned on account of age.

Mrs. Cecil Lawson has presented, in memory of her late husband, to the trustees and directors of the National Gallery, as a gift to the nation, the picture of "The August Moon," now in the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition.

A town's meeting was held at Brighton yesterday week for the purpose of consenting to the bill to be introduced into Parliament next Session to raise £150,000 for extending the town waterworks and borrowing under the Brighton Pavilion Act £4000 in order to light the Pavilion by electricity.

The proprietors of fourteen collieries in North Wales, employing about 6000 hands, were served last Saturday with notices to the effect that on and after Feb. 3 the men will commence working eight hours per day from bank to bank, and five days per week.

The number of live stock and the quantity of fresh meat brought to Liverpool during the past week from the United States and Canada amounted to 455 cattle, 2016 sheep, 8495 quarters of beef, and 2327 carcasses of mutton. The figures show a falling off in cattle and sheep, and a slight increase in fresh beef and mutton in comparison with previous arrivals.

The first number of the "Oxford Magazine" is to appear on the 24th inst. The editorship has been undertaken by Mr. Richard Lodge, of Brasenose College, who is to be strongly supported. It will be published in Oxford by Mr. James Thornton; and in London by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, of Holborn-viaduct.

The Fothergill Gold Medallion of the Royal Humane Society, of the value of fifty guineas, has been presented to Mr. Henry Robert Silvester, M.D., B.A., London, for his researches and discoveries in the method of inducing respiration in cases of apparent death from drowning and other causes, and which method has been successfully adopted by the Society for many years past.

A lady has given five hundred pounds to the Chelsea Hospital for Women, for the purpose of naming after her deceased sister one of the memorial wards in the new building, which is situated in the Fulham-road. The same lady has given fifty pounds for the furnishing of the ward. There are now but three out of the seventeen wards remaining to be furnished by donations of a similar amount.

Mr. Frere, one of the Examiners of Petitions for Private Bills for the House of Commons, gave a decision last Monday as to the Manchester Ship Canal Bill, which was opposed on the ground that the plans and sections for deepening the Mersey so as to make such a canal available had not been deposited. Mr. Frere considered that such plans and sections should have been deposited. In conclusion, he said he should make a report on the matter.

At a meeting of the Common Council on the 18th inst. a donation of 200 guineas was voted to the fund to be opened at the Mansion House for the relief of the sufferers by the recent fire in Jamaica. A public meeting was held at the Mansion House last Monday to consider the subject.—A vote of condolence and sympathy with the French people on the loss of Léon Gambetta was agreed to and ordered to be transmitted to the French Embassy.

One of the largest gasometers in Glasgow exploded last Saturday night, and the gas took fire. Several cottages near the gasometer were partly demolished by the explosion, and many of the inmates were more or less injured. Another explosion, supposed to be owing to dynamite, occurred at a neighbouring station on the Caledonian Railway, and some young men were severely burned. A soldier picked up a tin box on the banks of the Forth and Clyde Canal, and on being opened it exploded, injuring two men.

In London 2804 births and 1663 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births exceeded by 28, whereas the deaths were 185 below, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 3 from smallpox, 56 from measles, 42 from scarlet fever, 13 from diphtheria, 26 from whooping-cough, 18 from enteric fever, 2 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, 18 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one either from typhus or from simple cholera. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had steadily declined in the five preceding weeks from 637 to 361, were 289 last week, being 130 below the corrected weekly average. Different forms of violence caused 56 deaths; 50 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 13 from fractures and contusions, 3 from burns and scalds, 4 from drowning, 2 from poison, and 18 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Five cases of suicide were registered.

Delegates from different localities in North Wales met at Chester on Tuesday to decide as to the acceptance of the Government grant of £4000 for the establishment of a Welsh College. It was decided to accept the offer, and a committee was appointed to consider as to a site for the new institution.

An influential meeting was held at the Mansion House on Monday, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, for the purpose of raising a fund for the relief of the sufferers by the recent fire in Kingston, Jamaica. In the course of the proceedings it was stated that the estimated loss of property through this disaster amounted to £650,000. Resolutions were passed in furtherance of the objects of the meeting, and at the close a list of subscriptions reaching nearly £4400 was read, headed by the Corporation of London for £210 and £500 from the Colonial Bank.

Mr. J. Russell Lowell, the American Minister, gave at the Working Men's College, in Great Ormond-street, last Saturday evening, a lecture on "Don Quixote." Lord Justice Bowen was in the chair. Mr. Lowell's lecture consisted of illustrations of the types of character to be found in the book, and of the moral which was the groundwork of the novel—namely, that whoever quarrels with the nature of things wittingly or unwittingly is bound to get the worst of it, and that we must accommodate ourselves to our surroundings.—His Excellency has consented to take the chair at the anniversary festival of the Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress, to be held on April 12 at Willis's Rooms.

THE LATE MAJOR HEBERT.

Among the officers who have succumbed to the effects of exhaustion from the fatigues of the late campaign in Egypt, and from insalubrious influences of the climate, was a Canadian Artillery officer, the late Major P. O. J. Hebert, who was temporarily attached to the N Battery of the 2nd Brigade of the Royal Artillery, as a volunteer for service in the Egyptian expedition. His death took place on Nov. 1, in hospital at Cairo, and has occasioned much regret in the minds of his comrades and friends at the Royal Military College of Kingston, Ontario, where Lieutenant Hebert held an appointment in the Royal School of Gunnery; his rank as Major in the Army being held, of course, during his temporary service in Egypt. The Portrait is from a photograph taken by Sheldon and Davis, in Canada.

THE ENVOYS OF MADAGASCAR.

Our distinguished visitors, the diplomatic Envoys of Her Majesty Queen Ranavalona, Sovereign of Madagascar, are named and styled as follows:—Ravoninahitriniarivo, a grandee of fifteen honours, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who is the First Envoy; and the Second Envoy, whose name is Ramaniraka, of fourteen honours, Member of the Royal Privy Council; these are accompanied by the two Secretaries of Legation, Moses Andrianisa, and Rabbisoa, and by an aide-de-camp, Ranjalaly, and two English members of their suite.

The Foreign Secretary, Ravoninahitriniarivo, is nephew to the Prime Minister of Madagascar, who is also husband of the Queen, and who visited England about nineteen years ago. The Second Envoy, Ramaniraka, is the son of Rahaniraka, who was educated in this country, and from whom he obtained a very fair knowledge of English. He has frequently been intrusted by the Queen and Prime Minister with important duties. Last year, on the visit of Rear-Admiral W. G. Jones to the Court of Ranavalona, he was appointed to proceed to Tamatave to conduct him in state to the capital, and on his return journey to the coast. Andrianisa is the son of the second Governor of Tamatave, by a Creole wife; he has been for some time master of the school established by the Queen for young nobles in her capital. Rabbisoa was for some years in Paris as companion to a son of the Prime Minister, sent to the French capital for education. The official interpreter to the Embassy is an Englishman, Mr. A. Tacchi, who went to Madagascar some years ago as a school-master, in the employ of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and was on the north-east coast of the island. But he removed to the capital, rose into favour with the Prime Minister, and obtained employment in translating books on military and legal matters. After a while he became proprietor and editor of the *Madagascar Times*, a newspaper printed in English, and published at Antananarivo, in the interests of the Prime Minister.

The political occasion which has brought these Envoys of Madagascar to Europe is sufficiently important, being to obtain some guarantee of the independence and security of Queen Ranavalona's dominion over the whole island, against the pretensions of the French Government to exercise a sort of protectorate on the north-west coast. It is to be hoped that the dispute, which is of a complicated nature, involving questions that relate to the control over the Sakalava tribes, and responsibility for outrages perpetrated by these upon the foreigners visiting that part of the coast, will be settled in a pacific manner. The Hova nation, in its own part of Madagascar, has already made great advances in the arts and customs of civilisation since its rulers embraced the Christian religion; but the Sakalava of the west coast are still heathen savages. With reference to our Illustrations, published last week, of the neighbourhood of Nos Vey, where H.M.S. *Fawn*, Admiralty surveying-vessel, called with the party of astronomical observers to watch the Transit of Venus, we ought to have said that Nos Vey is a small islet near the mouth of the Augustin river, on the south-east coast of the island. It was erroneously confounded by us with Nossi Bé, the larger French island on the north-west coast. This mistake is pointed out by mercantile correspondents, Messrs. Hugh McCubbin and Co., of Liverpool, in whose stores at Nos Vey the Sketch was taken of some natives stripping the orchilla weed for packing as an article of trade. Messrs. Hugh McCubbin, in writing to us, say that "the French have not yet claimed any protectorate over the south-west coast, but the tribes there are very lawless and unruly; and, if the Hovas do not send down a Governor and troops to keep order, something must be done to protect traders, or they must abandon the place."

Our Engraving of the entire group of five or six Hovas, and two Europeans, belonging to the Special Embassy from Madagascar, is copied from a photograph taken by Messrs. R. Allen and Son (Limited Co.), of Nottingham.

The fashion of theatre-going is spreading so rapidly that the "Era Almanack" is bound to increase in popularity. Mr. Edward Ledger in the edition for the current year gives a rich variety of theatrical facts in the dramatic and musical calendar; and presents a readable collection of stories and sketches, the best of which are furnished by Mr. George Edwards (dramatic critic of the *Era*), Mr. G. R. Sims, Mr. H. J. Byron, Mr. Dion Boucicault, and Mr. Joseph Verey, whose discriminating review of "The Opera Season" will be read with interest. In a series of sketches many prominent actors also show how well, or ill, they can draw—with a pencil.



MR. EDMOND O'DONOVAN,
LATE "DAILY NEWS" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AT MERV.



PRINCE NAPOLEON (JEROME).



MAJOR P. O. J. HEBERT, CANADIAN ARTILLERY
DIED ON SERVICE IN EGYPT.

MR. O'DONOVAN'S "MERV."

It was a rather small joke, for so great a statesman and philosopher, when the Duke of Argyll, in his book about the Afghan War, twitted the Russophobe Alarmists of England and India for what he called their inveterate malady of *Mervousness*. But, of late years, we have frequently heard and read of "Merv," as formerly of "Herat," as the mysterious magnetic pole of Central Asian political geography, to and from which all the formidable perturbing forces, destined to overthrow our Indian Empire, were imagined to be continually moving.

They said it was a shame that our Foreign Office would know nothing at all about it. The *Daily News*, which is famed for employing, in different parts of the world, special correspondents of extraordinary courage and perseverance, therefore directed to this errand the services of Mr. Edmond O'Donovan, to whom we are now indebted for the most recent and authentic knowledge of Mervish affairs—Mervli would be the more correct possessive form of that noun—and for an interesting narrative of his bold personal adventures. In two substantial volumes, published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., will be found a store for many days of

agreeable and profitable reading under this head: *The Merv Oasis—Travels and Adventures East of the Caspian*, during the years 1879-80-81; "including Five Months' Residence among the Tekkes of Merv." Those who desire to know, beforehand, where Merv is situated, may first be apprised that it lies somewhere north of Khorassan, which is the eastern territory of the Persian dominion, bordering on the Herat province of Afghanistan. Farther to the north and north-east are those Turkish, Tartar, and Turcoman nations, with whom the Russian Empire has been very busy during a quarter of a century past, and the Khanates of Khiva, Khokand, and



First Envoy, Ravonnahitriniarivo, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (seated).
Second Envoy, Ramaniraka, Privy Councillor (seated).
Standing behind (left of Engraving)—Mr. Tacchi, Official Interpreter, with Rabibisoa and Andrianisa, Secretaries of Legation; (right of Engraving)—Rev. W. C. Pickersgill, and Ranjalaby, Aide-de-Camp.

THE ENVOYS FROM THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.



THE KENNEL CLUB DOG SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Bokhara; to the west flows the river Atrek, communicating with Russian ports on the Caspian; to the south and south-east, by the Merghab and again through Balkh, it is supposed an enemy could reach Herat and Cabul. This is why some military and political geographers are still affected with the disease of "Mervousness," to the Duke of Argyll's derisive disgust. Mr. O'Donovan is not an alarmist; and his account deserves more regard than those of some other British and foreign writers of great spirit and intelligence, who seemed to have gone about Central Asia with a preconceived idea of the dangerous power of Russia. Having been three years in that region of Central Asia, from 1879 to 1881 inclusive, he is entitled to the credit of being one of the best, as well as the latest, authorities upon its political condition; and, if the Foreign Office should want further information about it, they had

better send for him. In the meantime, here is a great body of fresh geographical and ethnological information, conveyed in a direct, simple, unaffected style, and mingled with picturesque incidents and somewhat romantic experiences, bearing the stamp of actuality forcibly impressed upon them. The first volume is occupied with the shores of the Caspian, nearly all round that curious inland sea, but more especially at Krasnovodsk and Tchikislar, on the east coast, where the Russian Empire has established its chief ports and military colonies, and which he visited several times; with the Persian frontier town of Asterabad, and with Teheran, the capital city, and then with the eastern journey from Teheran to Meshed, traversing a country of the greatest importance, from its strategic position, in the politics of Central Asia; thus reaching the city of Meshed, which is the head-quarters of the

the Shiite Mussulman religion, a creed vehemently hostile to that of the Turks, Turcomans, Arabs, Indian and other Mohammedans. These places and their people have been minutely described by many preceding travellers; but Mr. O'Donovan's report of them is not the least valuable part of his work; and, with reference to the movements of Russia, and to the materials afforded by Turcoman disorganisation for her advance up the river Atrek, his observations at Gumush Tepe and at Chatte merit serious attention. In the second volume he relates his famous "ride to Merv," beginning with an attempt to reach the scene of actual warfare at Geok Tepe, which he approached within sight in January, 1881, when General Skobelev was in the act of storming the Akhal Turcomans' stronghold. After visiting several places of interest—Askabad, Lutfabad, and Kelat-i-

Nadri—which are likely to be disputed some day, between the Russian and the Persian dominions, the author crossed the desert to the celebrated Merv Oasis. This was the goal of his long, wearisome, often perilous travels; and twenty remaining chapters are filled with descriptions and narratives of all that the author saw, did, and learnt among the 'Tukke' Turcomans of the Merv district. These belong to two local sects or divisions, the Otamish and the Toktamish, inhabiting the country around the upper streams and sources of the river Merghab, which flows into Afghanistan. The whole number of the Mervli, including various dependent tribes, is estimated at from 500,000 to 800,000. The domestic life and manners of this sequestered population, their laws, customs, and institutions, and their ideas regarding other nations, especially their fears of Russian conquest and hopes of British protection, are displayed with minute particularity; but the author's very singular position among them is most remarkable. He was treated with respectful hospitality, but was detained at Merv, under strict surveillance, as a kind of political hostage for the amicable intentions of the British Government, to which, through the British diplomatic agents in Persia, the Khans of Merv had applied for a guarantee of their independence. While still awaiting the reply to this appeal, an internal revolution took place in the Mervli Government. The existing ruler, Kadjar Khan, was quietly deposed by the other chiefs, two of whom, Aman Niaz and Baba Khan, were invested with the governing power, and they invited Mr. O'Donovan to be joined with them in a sort of triumvirate, at least for the provisional and temporary conduct of affairs. It was in vain that the *Daily News*' special correspondent disclaimed having any political authority to act on behalf of the English nation. He was elected by acclamation in the Mervli Great Council or Assembly, and could not expressly refuse to accept office, though he declined to become a Mussulman, and to marry one or more Turcoman wives. The personal narrative becomes, from this point, very interesting. At the same time, he continued to send his entertaining letters to the *Daily News*, which contrived to furnish him with pecuniary supplies; and to the able manager of that journal, Mr. J. R. Robinson, this book is now dedicated by its author, in token of his recognition of the liberal support he received throughout his travels. We lack space to enter more precisely into Mr. O'Donovan's description of Merv, from which place he got away in July, 1881, through the influence

of the British Minister at Teheran, and journeyed back to Persia over the rugged mountain passes of the Hazar Masjid range, not far from Sarakhs. The appendix comprises facsimile copies of the handwriting of Persian, Russian, and Turcoman letters, with translations; and there is a sufficient map, besides local plans, and a portrait of the author in his costume as a Turcoman Khan.

We have engraved another Portrait of Mr. O'Donovan, in his travelling dress, for this Number of our Journal; it is from a photograph taken in France. He is son of a very learned Irish scholar, the late Dr. O'Donovan, who was translator and editor of the "Annals of the Four Masters," and of the "Brehon Laws," and who held a Professorship of Celtic Philology in the Queen's University of Ireland. Mr. Edmond O'Donovan's connection with the *Daily News*, which has been so greatly assisted by his enterprise and ability, commenced in 1876, and has continued until the present time. In the Russo-Turkish War he was with the Turkish army in Asia, and was never absent from any post at which the interests of his journal could be served. Mr. O'Donovan was also, we believe, an eye-witness of some of the most desperate conflicts during the last Carlist War in Spain.

PRINCE NAPOLEON (JEROME).

The arrest of this singular political personage in Paris, consequent upon his publishing a Manifesto against the French Republic, is one of the current topics noticed in our correspondent's letter this week. Prince Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul Bonaparte, son of Jerome Bonaparte, who was styled under the First Empire King of Westphalia, and who married Princess Frederica of Wurttemberg, was born at Trieste on Sept. 9, 1822. He is thus both nephew to the Emperor Napoleon III., and first cousin to the Emperor Napoleon III., who was also nephew to the First Emperor, as being the son of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, sometime King of Spain. To distinguish this one from several other Prince Napoleons, he has usually been spoken of, by Frenchmen, as Napoleon Jerome, indicating his father's name. Under the restored Empire, he got a large share of the personal profits of the *coup d'état*; and in 1859, when King Victor Emmanuel obtained the aid of the French army to effect the liberation of Italy, his daughter, Princess Clotilde of Savoy, was given to Prince Napoleon Jerome for his wife.

THE KENNEL CLUB DOG SHOW.

About the best show ever held under the auspices of this Club took place at the Crystal Palace last week. The whole of the specimens were under the roof of the Palace in the galleries, which were kept sweet and pleasant by Jeyes' Purifier, and all the arrangements were as good as they could possibly be. Upwards of 1300 dogs were shown, and the entry fees of nearly 300 more returned owing to want of space. As usual, the fox-terriers headed the list in point of numbers; and quite a sensation was caused by the debut of Mr. Murchison's Cracknel. He is not eleven months old, yet beat every fox-terrier in the show, and ultimately won two challenge cups, six other cups and medals, and over £20 in money prizes. This was a revival of the Trimmer and Bellona days with a vengeance, and, in the flush of such a success, Mr. Murchison refused £300 for his precocious puppy. The St. Bernards came next in point both of numbers and of merit, and Mr. Thornton's Leila, the winner of the Grand Challenge Cup for the best in all classes, is one of the grandest smooth-coated St. Bernards ever seen. Our illustrations speak for themselves, and need little comment. Lady Brassey must have made up her mind to "start the whole fleet" in the pug classes, and a first prize, as well as several minor successes, rewarded her enterprise. Ladies are invariably very true to their pets in the hour of defeat, and the fair owner of the singularly ugly little dog on the left of the picture doubtless honestly believes that the judges were unfairly biased in favour of the successful competitors in the class, or sets them down as a body of hopeless ignoramus. "Captain Burton" is a dingo, the wild dog of Australia, where it is a sad enemy to the sheep farmer, and we were surprised to find the "Captain" apparently completely domesticated. "No. 272" is a very grand deer-hound; and "Sir John Franklin," who was imported in the Pandora, is a kennel companion of "Captain Burton," and has been successful as a prize-taker all over the country.

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57.. £244 | Class 58.. £248 | Class 59.. £252 | Class 60.. £256 | Class 61.. £260 | Class 62.. £264 | Class 63.. £268 | Class 64.. £272 | Class 65.. £276 | Class 66.. £280 | Class 67.. £284 | Class 68.. £288 | Class 69.. £292 | Class 70.. £296 | Class 71.. £300 | Class 72.. £304 | Class 73.. £308 | Class 74.. £312 | Class 75.. £316 | Class 76.. £320 | Class 77.. £324 | Class 78.. £328 | Class 79.. £332 | Class 80.. £336 | Class 81.. £340 | Class 82.. £344 | Class 83.. £348 | Class 84.. £352 | Class 85.. £356 | Class 86.. £360 | Class 87.. £364 | Class 88.. £368 | Class 89.. £372 | Class 90.. £376 | Class 91.. £380 | Class 92.. £384 | Class 93.. £388 | Class 94.. £392 | Class 95.. £396 | Class 96.. £400 | Class 97.. £404 | Class 98.. £408 | Class 99.. £412 | Class 100.. £416 | Class 101.. £420 | Class 102.. £424 | Class 103.. £428 | Class 104.. £432 | Class 105.. £436 | Class 106.. £440 | Class 107.. £444 | Class 108.. £448 | Class 109.. £452 | Class 110.. £456 | Class 111.. £460 | Class 112.. £464 | Class 113.. £468 | Class 114.. £472 | Class 115.. £476 | Class 116.. £480 | Class 117.. £484 | Class 118.. £488 | Class 119.. £492 | Class 120.. £496 | Class 121.. £500 | Class 122.. £504 | Class 123.. £508 | Class 124.. £512 | Class 125.. £516 | Class 126.. £520 | Class 127.. £524 | Class 128.. £528 | Class 129.. £532 | Class 130.. £536 | Class 131.. £540 | Class 132.. £544 | Class 133.. £548 | Class 134.. £552 | Class 135.. £556 | Class 136.. £560 | Class 137.. £564 | Class 138.. £568 | Class 139.. £572 | Class 140.. £576 | Class 141.. £580 | Class 142.. £584 | Class 143.. £588 | Class 144.. £592 | Class 145.. £596 | Class 146.. £600 | Class 147.. £604 | Class 148.. £608 | Class 149.. £612 | Class 150.. £616 | Class 151.. £620 | Class 152.. £624 | Class 153.. £628 | Class 154.. £632 | Class 155.. £636 | Class 156.. £640 | Class 157.. £644 | Class 158.. £648 | Class 159.. £652 | Class 160.. £656 | Class 161.. £660 | Class 162.. £664 | Class 163.. £668 | Class 164.. 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AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SUNRISE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A DAY ASHORE.

MOST "landward" people, to use the Scotch phrase, would imagine that on board ship ladies would be content with any rough and tumble costume that would serve all purposes from morning till night. But on a long voyage the very reverse is the case. No-where else do women dress with more elaborate nicety, and with such studied exhibition of variety as their tolerably capacious wardrobes permit. For one thing, they have no more engrossing occupation. They can spend hours in their cabin devising new combinations; and as many of them are going to live abroad they have with them all their worldly gear from which to pick and choose. It is a break in the monotony of the day to have one dress at breakfast, another for forenoon games and lunch, another for the afternoon promenade, another for the meal of state in the evening. Then nowhere else are well-made costumes seen to such advantage; the deck is a wide stage, and there is the best of light for colours. Moreover, in a woman's eyes it is worth while to take trouble about dressing well on board ship; for it is no fleeting glance that rewards her pains. The mere change of a brooch at the neck is noticed.

But all the innocent little displays that had been made during the long voyage were as nothing on board this ship to the grand transformation that took place in view of the landing at Malta. The great vessel was now lying silent and still; her screw no longer throbbing; and instead of the wide, monotonous circle of water around her, here were blue arms of the sea running into the grey-green island; and great yellow bastions along the shore; and over these again a pale white and pink town straggling along the low-lying hills. After breakfast the men-folk were left in undisturbed possession of the deck. They were not anxious about their costume—at least, the middle-aged ones were not. They smoked their cigars, and leaned over the rail, and watched the swarm of gaily-painted boats that were waiting to take them ashore. And perhaps some of them were beginning to wish that the women would look alive; for already the huge barges filled with coal were

drawing near, and soon the vessel would be enveloped in clouds of dust.

Then the women began to come up, one by one; but all transformed! They were scarcely recognisable by mere acquaintances. There was about them the look of a Sunday afternoon in Kensington Gardens; and it was strange enough on the deck of a ship. People who had been on sufficiently friendly terms now grew a little more reserved; these land costumes reminded them that on shore they might have less claim to a free-and-easy companionship. And Mr. Winterbourne grew anxious. Did Yolande know? The maid she had brought with her, and whose services she had agreed to share with Mrs. Graham, had been useless enough, from the moment she put foot on board the ship; but surely she must have learned what was going forward? Perhaps Yolande would appear in her ordinary pale pink morning dress? She was far too content with simplicity in costume. Again and again he had had to rebuke her.

"Why don't you have more dresses?" he had said to her on board this very ship. "Look at Mrs. Graham. Why don't you have as many dresses as Mrs. Graham? A married lady? What difference does that make? I like to see you prettily dressed. When I want you to save money, I will tell you. You can't get them at sea? Well, of course not; but you might have got them on shore. And if it meant more trunk, what is the use of Jane?"

He was a nervous and fidgety man, and he was beginning to be really concerned about Yolande's appearance, when he caught a glimpse of Yolande herself, coming out on to the deck from the companion-way. He was instantly satisfied. There was nothing striking about her dress, it is true—the skirt and sleeves were of dark blue velvet, the rest of dark-blue linen, and she wore her white silver belt—but at all events it was different; and then the flat dark blue Scotch cap looked pretty enough on her ruddy-golden-hair. Indeed, he need not have been afraid that Yolande would have appeared insignificant anyhow or anywhere. Her tall stature; her slender and graceful figure; her air and carriage—all these rendered her quite sufficiently distinguished-looking; even when one was not near enough to know anything of the fascination of her eyes and the pretty, pathetic mouth.

And yet he was so anxious that she should acquit herself well—he was so proud of her—that he went to her quickly and said—

"That is one of the prettiest of your dresses, Yolande—very pretty—and it suits your silver girdle very well—but the Scotch cap—well, that suits you too, you know!"

"It is Mrs. Graham's, papa. She asked me to wear it—in honour of Allt-nam-ba."

"Yes, yes," he said. "That is all very well—at Allt-nam-ba. It is very pretty—and Jane has done your hair very nicely this morning!"

"I have not had a glimpse of Jane this morning!" Yolande said, with a laugh. "Could I be so cruel? No. Mrs. Graham going ashore—and I to take Jane away?—how could I?"

"I don't like the arrangement," her father said, with a frown. "Why should you not have the help of your own maid? But about the cap, Yolande—look, these other ladies are dressed as if they were going to church. The cap would be very pretty at a garden-party—at lawn-tennis—but I think"—

"Oh, yes, I will put on a bonnet," said Yolande, instantly. "It is not to please Mrs. Graham—it is to please you—that I care for. One minute!"

But who was this who intercepted her? Not the lazy young fellow who used to lounge about the decks in a shooting-coat, with a cigarette scarcely ever absent from his fingers or lips; but a most elegant young gentleman in tall hat and frock-coat, who was dressed with the most remarkable precision, from his collar and stiff neck-tie to his snow-white gaiters and patent-leather boots.

"Are you ready to go ashore, Miss Winterbourne?" said he, smoothing his gloves the while. "My sister is just coming up."

"In one minute," she said; "I am going for a bonnet, instead of my Scotch cap."

"Oh, no," he said, quickly; "please, don't. Please, wear the cap. You have no idea how well it becomes you. And it would be so kind of you to pay a compliment to the Highlands—I think half the officers on board belong to the Seaforth Highlanders—and if we go to look at the Club!"

"No, thank you," she said, passing him with a friendly smile. "I am not going *en vivandière*. Perhaps I will borrow the cap some other time—at Allt-nam-ba."

Mr. Winterbourne overheard this little conversation—in fact, the three of them were almost standing together; and whether it was that the general excitement throughout the vessel had also affected him, or whether it was that the mere sight of all these people in different costumes had made him suddenly conscious of what were their real relations—not their ship relations—it certainly startled him to hear the young Master of Lynn, apparently on the same familiar footing as himself, advise Yolande as to what became her. The next step was inevitable. He was easily alarmed. He recalled his

friend Shortlands' remark—which he had rather resented at the time—that a P. and O. voyage would marry off anybody who wanted to get married. He thought of Yolande; and he was stricken dumb with a nameless fear. Was she going away from him? Was someone else about to supplant him in her affections? These two had been in a very literal sense all the world to each other. They had been constant companions. They knew few people; for he lived in a lonely, nomadic kind of way; and Yolande never seemed to care for any society but his own. And now was she going away from him?

Then it suddenly occurred to him that he had just arranged to take her away into those wild solitudes in the Highlands, where the Leslies would be their only neighbours. It seemed more and more inevitable. But why not? Why should not this happen? He nerved himself to face the worst. Yolande must marry some day. He had declared to John Shortlands that he almost wished she would marry now. And how could she marry better? This young fellow was of good birth and education; well-mannered and modest; altogether unexceptionable, as far as one could judge. And Mr. Winterbourne had been judging, unconsciously to himself. He had observed in the smoking-room and elsewhere that young Leslie was inclined to be cautious about the expenditure of money—at cards or otherwise; but was not that rather a good trait? The family were not wealthy; the present Lord Lynn had been engaged all his life in slowly paying off the mortgages on the family estates; and no doubt this young fellow had been economically brought up. And then again—if Yolande were to marry at all—would it not be better that she should be transferred to that distant and safe solitude? Yolande as the mistress of Lynn Towers—far away there in the seclusion of the hills—living a happy and peaceful life, free from scathe and terror; that was a fancy that pleased him. It seemed not so terrible now that Yolande should marry—at least—at least he would face the worst, and strive to look at the pleasanter aspects of it. She would be far away—and safe.

These anxious, rapid, struggling thoughts had not occupied a couple of minutes. Yolande appeared, and he was almost afraid to regard her. Might there not be something of the future written in her face? Indeed, there was nothing there but a pleasant interest about the going on shore; and when she accepted a little nosegay that the Master of Lynn brought her, and pinned it on her dress, it was with a smile of thanks, but with—to any unconcerned eyes—the very frankest indifference.

The Grahams now announced themselves as ready; and the party descended the gangway into the boat—young Leslie preceding them, so as to hand Yolande into her place.

"Mr. Winterbourne," said he, when they were all seated under the awning, and sailing away through the lapping green water, "I hope you and your daughter will come and lunch with us."

"Oh, yes, of course," said he: did they not make one party?

"But what I mean is this," said the Master of Lynn, "I am giving those Graham people their lunch—the cormorants!—and Lynn Towers is a long way off; and I haven't often the chance of playing host; and so I want you and Miss Winterbourne also to be my guests at the Hotel."

"Oh, thanks; very well," said Yolande's father, who had begun now to study this young man with the most observant but cautious scrutiny, and was in a strange kind of way anxious to be pleased with him.

"Why, I thought you were going to the Club they were all speaking of," said Yolande, staring at him. "Captain Douglas told me so."

"Captain Douglas thinks he knows everything," said young Leslie, good-naturedly; "whereas he knows nothing, except how to play sixpenny loo."

"But we will all go to the Club, Miss Yolande," said Colonel Graham, "and you shall see the ball-room. Very fine. I don't know what the high-art fellows nowadays would think of it. I used to think it uncommonly fine in bygone times. Gad, I'm not so fond of dancing now."

"You can dance as well as ever you did, Jim, only you're so lazy," his wife said, sharply.

"You'll have to give them a torchlight dance, Archie," the Colonel continued, "the first stag Mr. Winterbourne kills. Miss Yolande would like to look at that. And you're pretty good yourself at the sword-dance. I once could do it, in a way."

"Jim, I won't have you talk as if you were an old man," his wife said, angrily. "I don't care about you; I care about myself. I won't have you talk like that. Everybody on board thinks I'm forty."

"You're not so young as you once were, you know, Polly." But Mrs. Graham was much too radiant a coquette to be put out by any impertinent speech like that. She was too sure of herself. She knew what her glass told her—and the half-concealed admiration of a whole shipful of people. She could afford to treat such speeches with contempt. And so they reached the shore.

They refused to have a carriage; preferring rather to climb away up the steep steps, and away up the steep little streets, until they reached those high and narrow thoroughfares (with their pink and yellow houses, and pretty balconies, and green casements) that were so cool and pleasant to wander through. Sometimes the sun, though shut out, sent a reflected light down into these streets in so peculiar a fashion that the pink fronts of the houses looked quite transparent; and not unfrequently, at the far end of the thoroughfare, the vista was closed in by a narrow band of the deepest and intensest blue—the high horizon-line of the distant sea. They went up to St. John's bastion, to look at the wilderness of geraniums and lotus-trees. They went to St. John's Church. They went to the telegraph office, where the Master of Lynn sent off this message:—

Archibald Leslie,
Hotel, Malta.

Ronald MacPherson,
High-street,
Inverness.

Consider Allt-nam-ba, if unlet, taken by Winterbourne, M.P. Slagpool, Seven hundred fifty. Reply.

They went to see the Governor's garden, and, in short, all the sights of the place; but what charmed the women-folk most of all was, naturally, the great ball-room at the Union Club. As they stood in the big, empty, hollow-resounding place, Yolande said—

"Oh, yes, it is beautiful. It must be cool, with such a high roof. Papa, have they as fine a ball-room at the Reform Club?"

"The Reform Club?" her father repeated—rather vexed that she should make such a blunder. "Of course not! Who ever heard of such a thing!"

"Why not?" she said. "Every one says this is a good club—and very English. Why not at the Reform Club? Is that why you have never taken me there?"

"Well, it is; it is devilish English-looking," said Colonel Graham to his wife, as they turned into the long and cool coffee-room, where there were rows of small tables all nicely furnished cut. "I like it. It reminds me of old times. I like to see the fellows in the old uniforms; it makes one's

heart warm. Hanged if I don't have a glass of sherry and bitters just to see if it tastes like the real thing—or a brandy and soda. It's devilish like home. I don't like being waited on by these Lascar-Portuguese-half-nigger fellows. My chap said to me yesterday at breakfast when I asked for poached eggs—'No go yet—when go bell me bring.' And another fellow, when I asked for my bath, said, 'Hot water no go—when go hot water, me tell.' By Gad, there's old Munro—the fellow that nailed the Sepoys at Azimghur—he's got as fat as a turkey-cock!"

Indeed the members of the Club—mostly officers, apparently—were now coming in to lunch; and soon Colonel Graham was fairly mobbed by old friends and acquaintances, inasmuch that it was with difficulty he was drawn away to the banquet that young Leslie—taking advantage of the stay of the party in St. John's Church—had had prepared for them at the hotel. It was a modest feast, but merry enough; and the table was liberally adorned with flowers, of which there is no lack in Malta. Colonel Graham was much excited with meeting those old friends, and had a great deal to say about them; his wife was glad to have a rest after so much walking; Yolande was naturally interested in the foreign look of the place and the people; and young Leslie, delighted to have the honour of being host, played that part with much tact and modesty and skill.

To Mr. Winterbourne it was strange. Yolande seemed to half belong to those people already. Mrs. Graham appeared to claim her as a sister. On board ship these things were not so noticeable; for of course they met at meals; and the same groups that were formed at table had a tendency to draw together again on deck or in the saloon. But here was this small party cut off from all the rest of the passengers; and they were entirely on the footing of old friends; and the Master of Lynn's anxiety to please Yolande was most marked and distinct. On board ship it would scarcely have been noticed; here it was obvious to the most careless eye. And yet, when he turned to Yolande herself, who, as might have been imagined, ought to have been conscious that she was being singled out for a very special attention and courtesy, he could read no such consciousness in her face—nothing but a certain pleasant friendliness, and indifference.

After luncheon they went away for a long drive to see more sights; and in the afternoon returned to the hotel, before going on board. Young Leslie was thinking of leaving instructions that the telegram from Inverness should be forwarded on to Cairo when, fortunately, it arrived. It read curiously—

Ronald MacPherson, The Honourable the Master of Lynn,
Estate and Colliery Agent, Of the P. and O. Company's
High-street, Steam-ship —,
Inverness. The Hotel, Malta.
Right.

"Now, what on earth—oh, I see!" exclaimed the recipient of this telegram, after staring at it in a bewildered fashion for a moment. "I see. Here is a most beautiful joke. MacPherson has wanted to be clever. Has found out that telegraphing to Malta is pretty dear; thinks he will make the message as short as possible—but will take it out in the address. I am certain that is it. He has fancied the address was free, as in England; and he has sent his clerk to the office. Won't the clerk catch it when he goes back and says what he has paid! That is real Highland shrewdness. Never mind; you have got the shooting, Mr. Winterbourne."

"I am glad of that," said Yolande's father, rather absently; for now, when he thought of the solitudes of Allt-nam-ba, it was not of stags or grouse or mountain hares that he was thinking.

They got on board again, and almost immediately went below to prepare for dinner, for the decks were still dirty with the coal-dust. And that night they were again at sea—far away in the silences; and a small group of them were up at the end of the saloon, practising glees for the next grand concert. Mr. Winterbourne was on deck, walking up and down, alone; and perhaps trying to fancy how it would be with him when he was really left alone, and Yolande entirely away from him, with other cares and occupations. And he was striving to convince himself that that would be best; that he would himself feel happier if Yolande's future in life were secured; if he could see her the contented and proud mistress of Lynn Towers. Here, on board this ship, it might seem a hard thing that they should separate, even though the separation were only a mitigated one; but if they were back in England again, he knew those terrible fears would again beset him, and that it would be the first wish of his heart that Yolande should get married. At Lynn Towers he might see her sometimes. It was remote, and quiet, and safe; sometimes Yolande and he would walk together there.

Meanwhile, down below they had finished their practising; and the Master of Lynn was idly turning over a book of glees. "Polly," said he to his sister, "I like that one as well as any—I mean the words. Don't you think they apply very well to Miss Winterbourne?"

His sister took the book, and read Sheridan's lines—

Marked you her eye of heavenly blue?
Marked you her cheek of roseate hue?
That eye in liquid circles moving;
That cheek abashed at man's approving;
The one love's arrows darting round,
The other blushing at the wound.

Well, the music of this glee is charming; and the words are well enough; but when the Master of Lynn ventured the opinion that these were a good description of Yolande, he never made a worse shot in his life. Yolande "abashed at man's approving"? She let no such nonsense get into her head. She was a little too proud for that—or perhaps only careless and indifferent.

CHAPTER VIII.

RECONNAISSANCES.

"I don't believe in any such simplicity. Men may; women don't. It seems to me more the simplicity of an accomplished flirt."

The speaker was Mrs. Graham; and she spoke with an air of resentment.

"You don't know her!" said the Master of Lynn, with involuntary admiration.

"I suppose you think you do," his sister said, with a 'superior' smile. And then—perhaps she was tired of hearing so much in praise of Yolande; or perhaps she wished her brother to be cautious; or perhaps she was merely gratuitously malicious—she said: "I'll tell you what it is—I should not be at all surprised to hear that she was engaged, and has been engaged for any length of time."

He was struck silent by this fierce suggestion; it bewildered him for a second or two. Then he exclaimed—

"Oh, that is absurd—perfectly absurd! I know she is not!"

"It would be a joke," continued his sister, with a sardonic smile, "if that were the explanation of the wonderful friendliness that puzzles you so much. If she is engaged, of course she has no further care or embarrassment. Everything is settled. She is as frank with Dick as with Tom and Harry.

Oh, Archie, that would be a joke—how Jim would laugh at you!"

"But it isn't true," he said, angrily, "and you know it isn't. It is quite absurd."

"I will find out for you, if you like," his sister said, calmly; and here the conversation ceased, for Colonel Graham at this moment came along to ask his brother-in-law for a light.

They were again away from the land—perhaps even forgetful that such a thing existed. It seemed quite natural to get up morning after morning to find-around them the same bright, brilliant monotony of white-crested blue seas and sunlit decks and fair skies; and each day passed with the usual amusements; and then came the still moonlight night, with all its mysterious charm and loneliness. It was a delightful life—especially for the Grahams and Winterbournes, who were going nowhere in particular, but had come chiefly for the voyage itself. And it was a life the very small incidents of which excited interest, simply because people had plenty of time to consider them—and each other.

There was no doubt that Yolande had become a pretty general favourite; for she found herself very much at home; and she put aside a good deal of that reserve which she assumed in travelling on land. These people could in no sense be considered strangers; they were all too kind to her. The ship's officers brought her the charts out of the chart-room, to show her how far the vessel had got on her course. The captain allowed her to go on the bridge, and gave her his own glass when a distant sail was to be seen. And the young soldiers, when they were not in the smoking-room, and when they were not picking-up rope quoits for Mrs. Graham, had an eye on the many strayed birds fluttering about, and when they could they caught one and brought it to Miss Winterbourne, who was glad to take the wild-eyed fluttering wanderer down into the saloon and put its beak for a second or two into a glass of fresh water. The swallows were the most easily caught; they were either more exhausted or more tame than the quails and thrushes and ringdoves. Once or twice Yolande herself caught one of these swallows; and the beautiful bronze-blue creature seemed not anxious to get away from her hand. Mrs. Graham said it was too ludicrous to see the Major of a Highland regiment—a man six feet two in height, with a portentously grave face—screw his eye-glass into its place and set off to stalk a dead-tired thrush, pursuing it along the awning and from boat to boat. But all the same, these warriors seemed pleased enough when they could bring to Yolande one of these trembling captives, and when she took the poor thing carefully into her hands, and looked up, and said "Oh, thank you!" It ought to be mentioned that the short upper lip of the girl, though it had the pathetic droop at the corners which has been mentioned—and which an artist friend of the writer says ought to have been described as Cupid's bow being drawn slightly—lent itself very readily to a smile.

Mrs. Graham watched for a chance of speaking to Yolande; and soon found it. She went to the girl, who was standing by the rail of the hurricane-deck; and put her arm most affectionately round her, and said—

"My dear child, what are you staring into the sea for? Do you expect to see dolphins?"

"I was wondering what made the water so blue," said she, raising herself somewhat. "It is not the sky. If you look at the water for a while, and turn to the sky, the sky is a pale washed-out purple. What a wonderful blue it is, too; it seems to me twenty times more intense than the blue of the water along the Riviera."

"You have been along the Riviera?"

"Oh, two or three times," said Yolande. "We always go that way into Italy."

"You must have travelled a great deal, from what I hear."

"Yes," said Yolande, with a slight sigh, "I am afraid it is a great misfortune. It is papa's kindness to me; but I am sorry. It takes him away. At one time he said it was my education; but now we both laugh at that—for a pretence. Oh I assure you we are such bad travellers—we never go to see anything that we ought to see. When we go to Venice, we go to the Lido, and the sands—but to the churches?—no. In Egypt you will have to do all the sight-seeing; you will find us—oh, so very lazy that you cannot imagine it; you will go and see the tombs and the inscriptions, and papa and I, we will take a walk and look at the river until you come back."

"What a strange life to have led," said her friend, who had her own point in view. "And among all your wanderings, did you never meet the one who is to be nearer and dearer—?"

"Nearer and dearer?" said Yolande, looking puzzled. "Papa is nearer and dearer to me than any one or anything—naturally. That is why we are always satisfied to be together; that is what makes our travelling so consoling—no—so—so contented."

"But what I mean is—now forgive me, dear Yolande—you know I'm a very impertinent woman—I mean, in all your travels have you never come across some one whom you would care to marry? Indeed, indeed, you must have met many a one who would have been glad to carry you off—that I can tell you without flattery."

"Indeed, not any one!" said Yolande, with a perfectly frank laugh. "That is not what I would ever think of. That is not what I wish." And then she added, with an air of sadness: "Perhaps I am never to have what I wish—it is a pity—a misfortune."

"What is it, then, dear Yolande? In your father's position I don't see what there is in the world that he could not get for you. You see I am curious—I am very impertinent—but I should like to treat you like my own sister—I am not quite old enough to act as a mother to you, for all that Jim says."

"Oh, it is simple enough—it does not sound difficult," Yolande said. "Come, we will sit down and I will tell you."

They sat down in two deck-chairs that happened to be handy, and Mrs. Graham took the girl's hand in hers; because she really liked her, although at times human nature broke down, and she thought her husband was carrying his praises of Yolande just a trifle too far.

"When I have met English ladies abroad," said Yolande, "and the one or two families I know in London, it was so nice to hear them talk of their home—perhaps in the country, where every one seemed to know them, and they had so many interests, so many affections. They were proud of that. It was a tie. They were not merely wanderers. Even your brother, dear Mrs. Graham, he has filled me with envy of him, when he has told me of the district around Lynn Towers, and seeming to know every one, and always settled there, and capable to make friends for a life-time, not for a few hours in a hotel. What place do I really know in the world—what place do they really know me?—a little village in France that you never heard of! And I am English! I am not French. Ah, yes, that is what I have many a time wished—that my papa would have a house like others—in the country?—yes—or in the town?—yes—what does that matter to me? And I should make it pretty for him; and he would have a home—not a hotel; also I have thought of being a secretary to him, but perhaps that is too much beyond what is possible. Do you think I can imagine anything about marrying when this far more serious thing is what I wish? Do you think that any

one can be nearer and dearer to me than the one who has given me all his affection, all his life, who thinks only of me, who has sacrificed already far too much for me? Who else has done that for me? And you would not have me ungrateful? Besides, also, it is selfish. I do not like the society of any one nearly so much; why should I change for a stranger? But it is not necessary to speak of that—it is a stupidity—but now I have told you what I wish for, if it were possible."

Mrs. Graham was convinced. There was no affectation here. The Master of Lynn had no rival, at all events.

"Do you know, my dear child, you talk very sensibly," said she, patting her hand. "And I don't see why your papa should not give you two homes—one in the country and one in town—for I am sure everyone says he is wealthy enough. But perhaps this is the reason. Of course you will marry—no, stay a minute—I tell you, you are sure to marry. Why, the idea! Well, then, in that case, it might be better for your papa not to have a household to break up; he could attend to his Parliamentary duties very well if he lived in the Westminster Palace Hotel, for example, and be free from care"—

Yolande's mouth went very far down this time. "Yes, that may be it," she said. "Perhaps that will happen. I know I have taken away too much of his time; and once, twice perhaps, we have had jokes about my being married; but this was the end, that when my papa tells me to marry, then I will marry. I must go somewhere. If I am too much of a burden—and sometimes I am very sad and think that I am—then he must go and bring some one to me, and say 'Marry him.' And I will marry him—and hate him."

"Gracious Heavens, child, what are you saying! Of course, if ever you should marry, you will choose for yourself."

"It is not my affair," said Yolande, coldly. "If I am to go away, I will go away; but I shall hate the one that takes me away."

"Yolande," said her friend, seriously, "you are making it rather hard for your father. Perhaps I have no right to interfere; but you have no mother to guide you; and really you talk such—such absurdity"—

"But how do I make it hard for my papa?" said Yolande, quickly looking up with an anxious glance. "Am I a constraint? Do you think there is something he would do? Am I in his way—a burden to him?"

"No, no, no," said the other, good-humouredly. "Why should you think any such thing? I was only referring to the madness of your own fancy. The idea that your father is to choose a husband for you—whom you will hate! Now suppose that you are a burden—I believe I informed you that I was a very impertinent woman, and now I am an intermeddler as well—suppose that your father would like to take a more active part in public affairs, and that he knows you are opposed to the very notion of getting married. He is in a very painful dilemma. He won't tell you that you are rather interfering with his Parliamentary work. And most assuredly he won't recommend you to marry anyone, if you are going to marry with a deadly grudge against your husband."

Yolande thought over this for some minutes.

"I suppose it is true," she said, rather sadly. "He would not tell me. He has said I kept him away from the House of Commons; but then it was only amusement and joking. And I—I also—have many a time been fearing it was not right he should waste so much care on me, when no one else does that with their daughters. Why does he go to the House? Partly because it is his duty to work for the country—to see that it is well governed—partly to make fame, which is a noble ambition. And then I interfere. He thinks I am not quite well, when I am quite well. He thinks I am dull, when I am not dull—when I would rather read his speech in the newspapers than go anywhere. But always the same—I must go and be amused; and Parliament and everything is left behind. It was not so bad when I was at the Château; then I was learning; but even then he was always coming to see me and to take me away. And when I used to say 'Papa, why don't you take me to England? I am English; I want to see my own country, not other countries;' it was always 'You will see enough of England by-and-bye.' But when I go to England, look! it is the same—always away again, except a week or two, perhaps, at Oatlands Park, or a day or two in London; and I have not once been to the House of Commons, where everyone goes, and even my papa is vexed that I do not know they have not a ball-room at the Reform Club!"

"Well, dear Yolande, you have led a queer sort of life; but, after all, was not your father wise? He could not have a household with a school-girl to look after it. But now I can see that all this will be changed; and you will have no more fears that you are a restraint. Of course you will marry; and you will be very happy; and your papa will have your home to go to at the Easter holidays; and you will go up to town to hear him speak in the House; and he will have a fair chance in politics. So that is all arranged; and you are not to have any wild or fierce theories. There goes dressing-bell—come along!"

Day after day passed without change. The young Master of Lynn had been reassured by his sister; and very diligently, and with a Jacob-like modesty and patience he strove to win Yolande's regard; but although she was always most friendly towards him and pleased to chat with him, or walk the hurricane-deck with him, she seemed to treat him precisely as she treated any of the others. If there was one whom she especially favoured, it was Colonel Graham, whose curt, sardonic speeches amused her.

At last they arrived at Port Said, that curious, rectangular-streeted, shanty-built place, that looks like Cheyenne painted pink and white; and of course there was much wonder and interest in beholding land again, and green water, and the swarming boats with their Greeks and Maltese and Negroes and Arabs, all in their various costumes. But it was with a far greater interest that they regarded the picture around them when the vessel had started again, and was slowly and silently stealing away into the wide and lonely desert land, by means of this water-highway. The Suez Canal had been rather a common-place phrase to Yolande; mixed up with monetary affairs mostly; and suggestive of machinery. But all this was strange and new; and the vessel was going so slowly that the engines were scarcely heard; she seemed to glide into this dream-world of silver sky and far-reaching wastes of yellow sand. It was so silent, and so wide, and so lonely. For the most part the horizon-line was a mirage; and they watched the continual undulation of the silver-white waves; and even the strange reflections of what appeared to be islands; but here there was not even a palm to break the monotony of the desert—only the little tamarisk bushes dotting the sand. From a marsh a red-legged flamingo rose, slowly winging its way to the south. Then a string of camels came along with forward-stretching heads, and broad, slow-pacing feet; the Bedouins either perched on the backs of the animals or striding through the sand by their side, their faces looking black in contrast to their white wide-flowing garments. And so they glided through the silent, grey, silver world.

The night saw another scene. They were anchored in a narrow part of the canal, where the banks were high and steep; and the moonlight was surpassingly vivid. On one of these banks—it seemed a great mountain as it rose to the dark blue

vault where the stars were—the moonlight threw the shadow of the rigging of the ship so sharply that every spar and rope was traced on the silver-clear sand. There was an almost oppressive silence in this desert solitude; a dark animal that came along through the tamarisk bushes—some said it was a jackal—disappeared up and over the sand-mountain like a ghost. And in the midst of this weird cold moonlight and silence these people began to get up a dance after dinner. The piano was brought on deck from the saloon. The women-folk had put on their prettiest costumes. There had been perhaps (so it was said) a little begging and half-promising going on beforehand. The smoking-room was deserted. From the supports of the awnings, a number of large lanterns had been slung; so that when the ladies began to appear, and when the first notes of the music were heard, the scene was a very animated and pretty one; but so strange with the moonlit desert around.

The Master of Lynn had got hold of Yolande—he had been watching for her appearance.

"I hope you will give me a dance, Miss Winterbourne," said he.

"Oh, yes, with pleasure," said she, in the most friendly way.

"There are no programmes, of course," said he. "And one can't make engagements; but I think a very good rule in a thing like this is that one should dance with one's friends. For myself, I don't care to dance with strangers. It doesn't interest me. I think when people form a party among themselves, on board ship—well, I think they should keep to themselves"—

"Oh, but that is very selfish, is it not?" Yolande said. "We are not supposed to be strangers with anyone after being on board ship so long together"—

"Miss Winterbourne, may I have the pleasure of dancing this waltz with you?" said a tall, solemn man with an eyeglass; and the next minute the Master of Lynn beheld Yolande walking towards that cleared space with Major Mackinnon, of the Seaforth Highlanders; and as to what he thought of the Seaforth Highlanders, and what he hoped would happen to them, from their colonel down to their pipe-major, it is unnecessary to say anything here.

But Yolande did give him the next dance, which mollified him a little—not altogether, however, for it was only a square. The next was a Highland Schottische; and by ill-luck he took it for granted that Yolande, having been brought up in France, would know nothing about it; so he went away and sought out his sister. Their performance was the feature of the evening. No one else thought of interfering. And it was very cleverly, and prettily, and artistically done; inasmuch that a round of applause greeted them at the end—even from the young Highland officers, who considered that young Leslie might just as well have sought a partner elsewhere, instead of claiming his own sister. Immediately after the Master of Lynn returned to Yolande.

"Ah, that is very pretty," she said. "No wonder they approved you and clapped their hands. It is the most picturesque of all the dances—especially when there are only two, and you have the whole deck for display. In a ball-room, perhaps not."

"You must learn it, Miss Winterbourne, before you come north," said he. "We always dance it in the north."

"Oh, but I know it very well," said Yolande, quietly.

"You?" said he in an injured way. "Why didn't you tell me? Do you think I wanted to dance with my sister and leave you here?"

"But Mrs. Graham and you danced it so prettily—oh, very well, indeed!"

There was somebody else approaching them now—for the lady at the piano had that instant began another waltz. This was Captain Douglas, also of the Seaforth Highlanders.

"Miss Winterbourne, if you are not engaged, will you give me this waltz?"

Yolande did not hesitate. Why should she? She was not engaged.

"Oh, yes, thanks," said she, with much friendliness, and she rose and took Captain Douglas's arm.

But young Leslie could not bear this perfidy, as he judged it. He would have no more to do with the dance, or with her. Without a word to anyone he went away to the smoking-room, and sat down there, savage and alone. He lit a cigar, and smoked vehemently.

"Polly talks about men being bamboozled by women," he was thinking bitterly. "She knows nothing about it. It is women who know nothing about women; they hide themselves from each other. But she was right on one point. That girl is the most infernal flirt that ever stepped the earth."

And still, far away, he could hear the sound of the music, and also the stranger sound—like a whispering of silken wings—of feet on the deck. He was angry and indignant. Yolande could not be blind to his constant devotion to her; and yet she treated him exactly as if he were a stranger—going off with the first-comer! Simplicity! His sister was right—it was the simplicity of a first-class flirt.

And still the waltz went on; and he heard the winnowing sound of the dancers' feet; and his thoughts were bitter enough. He was only five-and-twenty; at that age, hopes and fears and disappointments are emphatic and near; probably it never occurred to him to turn from the vanities of the hour, and from the petty throbbing anxieties and common-places of everyday life, to think of the awful solitudes all around him there—the voiceless, world-old desert lying so dim and strange under the moonlight and the stars, its vast and mysterious heart quite pulseless and calm.

(To be continued.)

The Provincial Grand Mastership of Essex having become vacant through the death of Lord Tenterden, Lord Brooke, M.P., has been appointed to the office.

The official list of prizes to be offered at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show, which takes place at York, in July next, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, has been issued. The total prize money is £5295, of which £3990 will be given by the Society, £905 by the local Committee, £295 by the Yorkshire Agricultural Society, £30 by the Hereford Herd-Book Society, £30 by breeders of polled Angus or Aberdeen cattle, £25 by the English Cart-Horse Society, remaining £20 being contributed by the British Beekeepers' Association. Of the £5250 set apart for live stock, horses are assigned £1900; cattle, £2105; sheep, £825; and pigs, £360. These amounts are in excess of those offered at Derby in 1881, and at Reading last year.—An important meeting of the Somerset Chamber of Agriculture was held at Frome on the 17th inst., under the presidency of Major Paget, M.P., the other speakers being Mr. Phipps, M.P., Sir Philip Miles, M.P., and Mr. H. B. Samuelson, M.P. Resolutions were passed unanimously in favour of the Agricultural Holdings Act being made compulsory, approving of the recommendations of the Royal Commission on local taxation, the appointment of a Minister of Agriculture, and in favour of the steady enforcement of the restrictions of the Contagious Diseases of Animals Act. Most of the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Agriculture were cordially approved of.

AMONG THE MUSES.

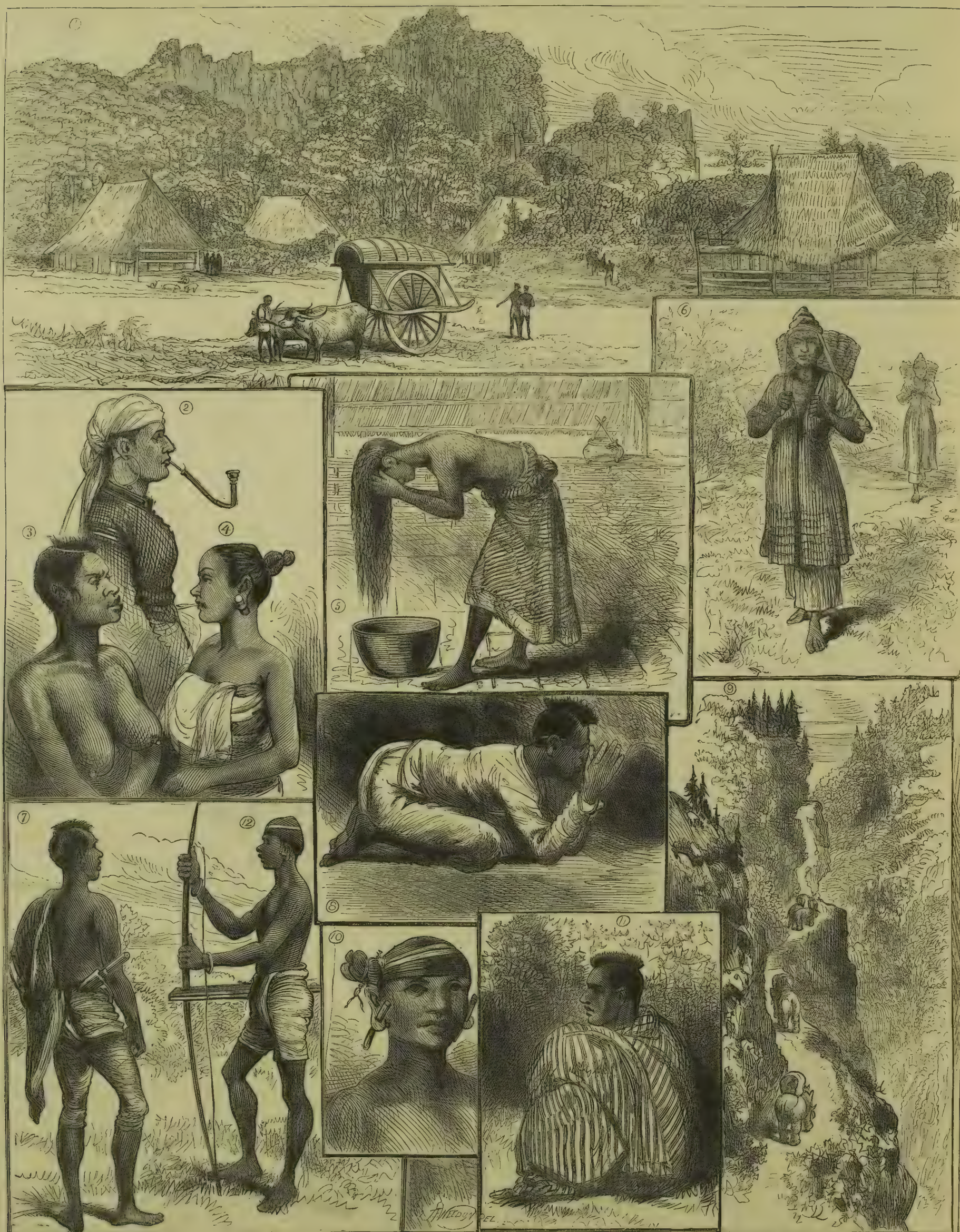
Something of the relief which it is the privilege of poets to confer upon their duller brethren, who cannot unburden their own minds in tuneful measures of their own composition, may be derived from *Soliloquies in Song*: by Alfred Austin (Macmillan and Co.), a volume in which there is plenty of felicitous fancy expressed in elegant and melodious verse. Occasionally the syllables seem to be more than a little overcrowded, so that it would be a trial to read the lines aloud; but perhaps it is only a Moses, slow of speech, who would find the obstacle impracticable, and an Aaron, more fluent and more practised, would pronounce every word distinctly and trippingly on the tongue. Silent reading, however, is the more common; and, in that case, syllables can be swallowed with the ease and dexterity with which a juggler gulps down his yards of paper. Nor are metrical impediments to be deprecated altogether; if they are not too frequent, they may be of advantage to the reader, for they necessitate a pause, then a fresh perusal, and, it may well be, a better appreciation of a sentiment or a form of expression, or even the discovery of a beauty that would have passed unheeded. Such little blemishes, indeed, may be but as little, cunningly arranged patches upon a lovely face, whereby particular attention is drawn to a pleasing peculiarity that might otherwise have been overlooked. Mr. Austin is well known to have strong political proclivities; and it is only natural that some of his "soliloquies in song" should bewray them. It is doubtful, however, whether he is at his best when he is scolding his countrymen for paying to the Czar the empty compliments which mere courtesy renders all but compulsory at certain times, or when he is lamenting over the death of Lord Beaconsfield, with whom he appears to have been on terms of intimate acquaintance as well as of political sympathy, or when he warns England, in high-flown strain and turgid language, against the terrible baseness of promoting her commerce, at the risk, as he holds, of her safety, by the creation of a submarine tunnel between Dover and Calais. He sings a far better song when his theme is of a different kind, when the ruins of an old abbey, for instance, inspire him, so that his fancy conjures up the picture of a monk who takes a stroll abroad, and muses, and dreams, and becomes bewitched, whilst everything around him—the river, the wild-flower, the tree, and the bird that is perched upon the tree—seems to utter a continual "benedicite."

A dainty volume, white and gilt, entitled *Summer Songs and Other Poems*, by J. A. Hewitt (Remington and Co.), is as full of sweet melodies as a well-stocked hive of honey. To say that the writer's language and constructions are now and then beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals, who like to read as they run, and may be puzzled to understand how a "stipend" can "ripen," is to say no more than that the writer belongs to the modern order of minstrels, who appear to affect rather than to avoid confusion of images and intricacy of language. That the writer, however, who is by no means a shocking example of the tendencies indicated, and whose very perspicuity and simplicity of diction, in the main, make any deviation from such commendable ways the more noticeable, is moved by the true spirit of poetry and has the gift of poetical utterance there can be little, if any, doubt. On this point conviction may be very easily and agreeably attained; it will suffice to open the volume at almost any page and read but a portion of almost any poem. There may be no grandeur, no profundity, no remarkable breadth, and the music may resemble the guitar rather than the harp, the flute than the trumpet, the piano than the organ; but music there is, and the maker of the music is at home with the instrument. No subject seems to come amiss to the minstrel, whose chief strength, one would think, lies in the direction of the romantic lay or ballad. So much may be inferred from a perusal of a certain poem which, though not the best of the many and various compositions, testifies of the singer's bent and powers; for there is something of a Schiller's picturesque and vigorous style in the manner in which a song is sung about the unkingly king and unknightly knight who yielded up his lady-love to be his ransom.

Some excellent blank verse, relieved by the intermixture of occasional lyrics, will reward the reader of *Ariadne in Naxos*: by R. S. Ross (Trübner and Co.), though it may be doubted whether the subject be sufficiently novel or popular and the treatment sufficiently ingenious and modern to suit the present generation. The form in which the poem is presented resembles that of the old Greek play; there are long speeches in iambic metre, and a chorus from time to time interposes with strophe and antistrophe, and, though readers familiar with the ancient classics may like the effect, such an arrangement is calculated rather to repel than to attract the ordinary English reader, who would probably prefer to have the story of Theseus and Ariadne told in the metre and style of "Don Juan," without any dreary gods and goddesses, but, of course, with a due regard for the proprieties. There are some beautiful lines and passages in the poem; it is too tame, however, on the whole, for a theme so pregnant of passion and pathos. Graceful the poem is in many parts, but the grace is somewhat statuesque—there is a deficiency of life and movement, and the godheads exhibited bear a close resemblance to wooden idols. It may, perhaps, be censorious to remark that "forth" is not a correct rhyme for "wrath," and that "chasm" is not a dissyllable; but it is difficult to avoid mention of little slips that we notice in the course of reading. As a whole, however, the poem is decidedly good and scholarly, as well as elegant, though it may not be adapted to the popular taste.

Verses such as those which make up the contents of *Strains from the Strand*: by Henry S. Leigh (Tinsley Brothers), are not intended by their author to rank high as poetry; they stand to poetry, indeed, in much the same relation as the pretty scullery-maid to her beautiful and exalted mistress. For pretty they are; smart, too, they are; tuneful they are, and not unfrequently they are humorous; sometimes they are pathetic, and nearly always they are neat and fluent. The author himself takes a very modest view of them; and more than the small favour he claims for them may be readily accorded to them. It is only as regards their matter that they are to be put in a lower class than the effusions of such singers as Mackworth Praed in the past and Frederick Locker in the present; in manner and execution they are but a little, if at all, inferior. Such verses disclose a singular facility in the art of versification; they are tritely, but there is pleasure in trifles; and they lead the reader to suppose, perhaps rightly and perhaps wrongly, that, were it not for circumstances of which the world can know nothing, the composer might rise on stepping-stones of his own self to higher things.

An important decision was given last Saturday by the Court of Appeal in an appeal from a judgment of Vice-Chancellor Bacon, who had held that a trustee was liable for £15,000 which he had given to a broker to invest, but had not received the securities, the broker having applied the money to his own purposes. Their Lordships held that the trustee could not be held liable, as he had acted according to the usual course of business, and the appeal was allowed.



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| 1. A Village in Laos. | 4. Laos Girl. | 7. Laos Man equipped for travelling. | 10. Kareen Boy. |
| 2. Mussu Woman, smoking. | 5. Laos Princess, at her toilette. | 8. Paying his respects. | 11. Laos Man keeping himself warm. |
| 3. Siamese Woman. | 6. Kareens bringing chili from plantations near Cheng Mai. | 9. Mountain Pass on road to Muang Fang. | 12. Kareen, with bow. |



SKETCHES IN CAIRO: SWING BRIDGE OVER THE ISMAILIYEH CANAL AT BOULAK.

MR. CARL BOCK'S SKETCHES OF LAOS.

The extensive Laos country is situated north-east of Bangkok and the great river of Siam, adjacent to the upper valley of the Mekhong, another great river, which descends through Cambodia to the French settlement of Saigon. This Laos country was reached in 1861, with some difficulty, by the late M. Henri Mouhot, whose narrative, translated into English, was published here in 1864. Mr. Carl Bock, the Swedish naturalist, whose journeys and researches in Southern Borneo were noticed three or four years ago, has more recently accomplished a seven months' course of travelling in Laos and Upper Siam, returning last June, down the river Menam, to Bangkok, the

Siamese capital. He has furnished us with a number of Sketches, some of which are presented this week. They will be regarded with the more interest by many of our London readers, inasmuch as Laos is the country from which Mr. Carl Bock has brought that extraordinary specimen of humanity now exhibited at the Westminster Royal Aquarium, called by some "the missing link." A race of very diminutive hairy people, known as the "Krao," has for ages existed in that country, but has been reduced to a very small remnant. Mr. Carl Bock found these Krao, and engaged one man, with his child, a little girl six or seven years of age, to come with him to Europe, but the man died. The child is rather smaller than a European child of the same age; her face is of the ordinary Mongolian

type, but there is a thick growth of black hair on the forehead, down to the eyebrows, with much hair on the cheekbones and other parts of the face; the chest and back, arms and legs, are also thickly covered with hair. The little girl is not wanting in natural intelligence, and there is many an English child more deserving to be called a monkey.

Mr. Carl Bock's route to Laos was up the river Menam to Raheng, which he reached in December, 1881; thence overland eastward to Lakon and Cheng-Mai; from which place he travelled, with a caravan of six elephants and a large party of coolies, across successive hill-ranges, and through the forests, to Muang Fang. This place is near the site of an ancient town of considerable size, and not far from the great cavern



FRESCO PAINTINGS RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN POMPEII.

Tam-tap-tau. Here Mr. Bock saw a gigantic figure of Buddha, made of brickwork, and once heavily gilt, but in a dilapidated condition. At Muang Fang Mr. Bock was enabled to make a large collection of natural history specimens. Leaving Muang Fang, he went to Tatong, on the frontier, and thence travelled down the Mekong river as far as its junction with the Mekhong, at Cheng-Fai. Following the main stream, which is here twice as wide as the Menam at its mouth at Bangkok, he proceeded upwards to Cheng-Tsen, the most northern limit of the King of Siam's dominion. After extending his zoological and ethnographical researches, and enriching his sketch-book with a number of valuable coloured sketches, Mr. Bock returned to Cheng-Mai, where he had the mortification of finding that his collection had been almost entirely destroyed by the superstitious inhabitants. The return journey to Bangkok was accomplished by water.

SKETCHES OF CAIRO.

The Ismailiyeh Canal, which is cut from the Nile above Boulak, the port of Cairo, proceeds in a north-easterly direction to join the Freshwater Canal that turns directly eastward at Zagazig, and that finally reaches Suez, giving the necessary supply of "sweet water" to every station along the great thoroughfare of commercial shipping, from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. At Port Said, on the Mediterranean coast, a hundred and thirty miles distant from Cairo, at Suez, on the Red Sea, at Ismailia, and all other places between, they have constantly to drink Nile water, part of which comes through the Ismailiyeh canal, but the larger part through the Wady, from Benha to Zagazig, and on by way of Tel-el-Kebir. This is a fact of great political importance, which will serve in future history to explain the motives of the recent military campaign. There is nothing very remarkable in the swing bridge at Boulak, regarded by itself. We have remarked that Boulak, and the banks of the Nile, are distant a mile or two from the ancient Oriental city of Cairo.

With respect to the older and more characteristic parts of the city, which differ entirely in structure and appearance from the Frenchified modern quarter, it is much to be regretted that great havoc has been made with their architectural antiquities during the past fifteen years. An interesting French treatise upon this subject, entitled "Coup d'œil sur l'Etat du Caire, Ancien et Moderne," by M. Arthur Rhoné, has just been published in Paris. Our attention has been called to this by Miss Amelia Edwards, the lady to whom the readers of this Journal are indebted for her account of some of the latest archaeological discoveries in Egypt. M. Arthur Rhoné, who was attached to an official French mission of inquiry concerning Egyptian antiquities, exposes and earnestly deprecates the barbarous destruction of the finest decorative portions of ancient Mohammedan edifices in Cairo, and the demolition of most interesting parts of the city, by the spirit of reckless innovation prevailing under the reigns of the late and the present Khedive. French contractors, engineers, and architects seem to have been allowed to do their worst, by the most tasteless alterations, and violating all sense of historical character and of artistic propriety, with that which was justly considered the noblest existing example of an Arab Mussulman City. The pamphlet of M. Arthur Rhoné is written in a satirical style, but is manifestly inspired by serious indignation, which we believe to be fully merited; there is, however, little hope of its doing any good now, since the mischief has already been made nearly complete. There are a good number of outline engravings, drawn by Messrs. Paul Chardin, C. Mauss, and J. Bourgoin, which show the state of many buildings in Cairo, before the fatal rage of French reconstruction worked its baneful effects in that venerable Eastern city.

DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.

During the past year the excavations at Pompeii have been continued with unflagging energy, under the immediate superintendence of Commendatore Ruggiero, and have yielded many remarkable results. We have engraved some of the more interesting objects and paintings discovered, and append a few words of description.

One of the earliest works of art exhumed in these excavations was the statuette of Abundance (No. 1), which was found in a niche in the house to which it has given its name, the "House of Abundance" (not to be confounded with the Pompeian street so designated), and which has been removed to the Museum of Naples. The statuette, which is about fifty-five centimetres high, is of bronze silvered, the patera which the figure holds being of solid silver. Two accompanying smaller figures (2 and 3) hold libation cups (*phyllois*), and these, with a curious lamp in the form of a human foot (4), which had fallen from the niche to the floor, are also in bronze silvered. The design of these objects is somewhat debased, but the workmanship is delicate and finished.

No. 5 is a curious marble basin with a bas-relief, and No. 6 the foot of a table—interesting as evidently the work of an Oriental carver. Nos. 7 and 8 show a speculum closed and open. This very remarkable object is said to be as ingenious in construction as the modern instrument of the same name, and to indicate, like other instruments in the Museum at Naples, the advanced state of the surgical art among the old Romans. Indeed, in examining the great collection of instruments, &c., in that museum (so many of which are identical in principle with "inventions" some of which have been patented in recent years), one cannot help exclaiming often, "there is nothing new under the sun!"

Nos. 9, 10, refer to the most touching discovery hitherto made in the buried city. The figure here delineated is only one of many that have been found imbedded in the rain of scoriae and powder and mud, that, eighteen centuries ago, overwhelmed and buried far below the surface then formed the devoted city. The bodies of the hapless inhabitants so overtaken (as well as other objects) naturally formed moulds in the fine volcanic deposit, and complete casts of these may be taken by pouring liquid plaster into the hollows formed by the bodies, though these have shrunk, leaving little more than the skeletons. There are several such casts in the small museum that is found within Pompeii itself—figures contorted in various ways by the death-agony. But the pathos that attaches, as we have said, to this figure is due to the circumstances that it is that of a female—a mother, doubtless—and that her arms were found to support the figure of her child, which to the last she strove to hold above her head—above the fast-rising volcanic flood of *lapilli*. The child appears to have been emaciated, and very likely illness rendered it more dear to its mother's heart. The attitudes clearly point to a terrible drama of maternal tenderness, heroism, and despair. On one of the woman's hands were two gold rings, one set with an emerald, the other with an amethyst; and near her were two massive gold bracelets, some pins and coins. The figures of the mother and child were found in the Via Terza, Isola V. of the city.

We have next some dishes or porringers, in five sizes, eight of which were found at the side of a baker's shop in

the eighth Region. They are Etruscan in form, and of a deep red colour.

No. 13 is a Roman *Ædicula* or small temple, discovered in October last. It resembles the example in the "House of the Anchor," which is erected in the garden flanked by fountains; niches and pedestals for statues being found in or against the garden walls to right and left. Like other of these diminutive temples, it is decorated with frescoes and mosaics composed of vitreous tesserae. Within the niche—for it is nothing more—formed by the *Ædicula* were placed small statuettes of divinities—*lares* and *penates*—and one or more votive lamps. Two of such statuettes, found in this instance, are engraved (12 and 14)—viz., Esculapius and Apollo.

The Engraving, on another page, of "Fresco Paintings Recently Discovered at Pompeii" are only samples of many, some of which are of peculiar interest. The larger composition, traversed by a flowing stream, with pigmies engaged in subduing alligators and hippopotami—which seems clearly to refer to the Nile—belongs to the class of grotesque representations, and is of comparatively rude execution. A fresco discovered in the same room with this would answer in all essentials to an illustration of "The Judgment of Solomon." Italian archaeologists generally are inclined to think that it is not improbable that the Biblical narrative had penetrated into Pompeii; Jews from Alexandria, dwelling in a Roman city, must certainly have possessed the Septuagint translation of the Bible. In a house in one of the narrower streets of Pompeii, in the quarter supposed to have been inhabited by the primitive Christians, there is also a fresco of a woman riding on an ass, with an infant in her arms, and a man by her side, in which some see a representation of "The Flight into Egypt."

"SANCTUARY."

Throughout the brute creation the dog, by general consent, is the nearest approach to man—not only in intelligence, but also in variety of type and diversity of character. In some respects, indeed, the comparison does not hold good, for it is not just to the dog. How often, for instance, do you find any approach to canine fidelity in the lords of creation? Who will guard and protect you with the same fortitude as your dog? Who will be so constant a friend in adversity? Very rarely, too, does one see the great dog domineer over the small, or the strong tyrannize over the weak. More often it is the small dog that assails and bullies the big one, and that will sometimes carry off with impunity his tid-bits from under his very nose. There is, however, no rule without an exception, as appears in the clever picture by Mr. Dadd we have engraved; yet even here the exception is only partial and half proves the rule, as further shown in this *Æsopian* representation. The bulldog advances, it is true, with menacing mien towards the little spaniel slinking away with his tail between his legs. But very likely the latter gave the first provocation. Be this as it may, some antipathy is not unnatural between races so distinct. The spaniel is a sleek and, probably, spoiled pet, nursed in luxury. The bulldog is a rough, hard-bred plebeian, of the most brutal type—a Fenian, a boycotter, a land-leaguer, a member of an "inner circle" of assassins. Yet he pauses with paw held irresolute in presence of that huge mastiff to whom the little spaniel has instinctively crept for protection. Bloodthirsty, obstinate, and tenacious ruffian as he is, that great hound would soon make short work of him if he advanced further.

"A GAME AT DOMINOES."

Mr. D. Knowles, the very promising painter of the picture we have engraved, presents us at once with a capital study of character and a faithful illustration of French habits. The scene depicted is probably drawn from some modest café of a Parisian faubourg or provincial French town. But the game of dominoes is confined to no particular class across the Channel. You will find it pursued with as much avidity in the cafés and "clubs" at the west end of the capital as in the humblest auberge. Nothing, indeed, is more likely to strike the young traveller visiting France for the first time than the universal prevalence of a game unknown in this country as a pastime for grown men. At every place of public entertainment, at all hours—at least, of the evening—he will see more or less excited groups playing for their *consommation*, if for nothing more; everywhere his ears will be assailed by the samerattle of "making" and shuffling, posing and playing the ivory-faced pieces on marble or board. And he may find the same groups in the same places, year after year, even decade after decade. To the small rentier, or the bourgeois, whose wife is at the *magasin* conducting his business, as to the rural proprietor whose truly better-half is labouring at the farm or in the fields, dominoes form the most important business in life. To do our neighbours justice, the game is not the trivial childish amusement—the affair of mere chance—we English are apt to suppose. On the contrary, it involves in its several varieties a vast amount of calculation of permutations and combinations, and (in the "fishing game," for instance) severely taxes the memory.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

The twenty-third annual report of the National Rifle Association has been issued. The Council state that a comparison of the balance-sheet with that of last year shows on the credit side an increase in the receipts of £1123, chiefly attributable to entries for prizes and pools, and also to the increase of £100 in the annual donation from the St. George's Vase committee. Exclusive of challenge cups, the total number of prizes shot for last July was 2119, of a total value of £9026, as compared with £8927 in 1881. The new regulations, defining more strictly the positions to be used in competitions restricted to Volunteers, were carried out with what the Council believe is generally conceded were beneficial results upon the military shooting of the country; and with reference to the addition of a second part to the first stage of the Queen's Prize—a more thorough test of marksmanship—the number of shots reckoned for the score of each competitor who obtained a place in the sixty was increased from 21 to 41.

Lady Borthwick distributed on the 18th inst., to the Chelsea Company of the South Middlesex, the prizes gained at their late contests at the ranges. In responding on Lady Borthwick's behalf to a vote of thanks, Sir Algernon Borthwick, who was received with cordial applause, alluded to the great success which had attended the truly national Volunteer movement, which must continue to flourish as long as true patriotism existed.

The Volunteer officers visited Brighton the 18th inst., and inspected the ground on which it is proposed to hold the Volunteer Review next Easter Monday. This is the same area as that on which the Review took place in 1881.

There was a distribution of prizes to the 18th Middlesex on Tuesday, succeeded by a dance.

Mr. Donaldson-Hudson, M.P., has remitted 10 per cent on the half-yearly rentals to his farm tenants in Shropshire.

ROYAL INSTITUTION LECTURES.

PRIMEVAL VEGETATION.

Professor W. C. Williamson, of Owens College, Manchester, gave the first of a course of five lectures on the Primeval Ancestors of Existing Vegetation on Tuesday, the 16th inst. He stated that his object was to examine the types of vegetation met with in the older fossiliferous rocks; to trace the links found in the newer rocks which connect ancient forms with living ones; and to consider their relation to the Darwinian theory of Evolution. The first great and conspicuous fact is the recent origin of nearly all the angiosperms, or flowering plants, which have no primeval representatives. The oldest highest types belong to the gymnosperms, peculiar conifers and cycads, which chiefly indicate the most advanced forms up to the cretaceous age. This, the Professor stated, agreed with the Darwinian theory. And he explained in detail the relation of these plants to the higher phanerogams, shown in their peculiar organisation. Pines, larches, spruces, cedars, and their allied genera, made their appearance at a late date. Very different types are found among the older strata. The most ancient conifers approach the semi-tropical araucarias of the southern hemisphere, and some other special forms, such as the somewhat fern-like Gingkos of China, of which details were given of specimens found in Devonian rocks. Of the Abietaceæ, true cedars are found in cretaceous rocks, related to the gigantic *Wellingtonia* of California (*Sequoia*). In the Oolite are found representatives of the araucaria, and also cypress-like forms. In the Triassic and Permian beds a succession of yet more generalised types are met with, leading still further away from living ones. The Cycadeæ present a somewhat similar history in regard to stem and foliage. The Oolitic age has been designated the age of gymnosperms. In the carboniferous beds the Oolitic types wholly disappear, being replaced by a remarkable group, represented by the Cordaites, specially found at St. Etienne, in France, evidently ancestors of present forms.

HISTORY OF THE SPECTROSCOPE.

Professor Dewar, F.R.S., began a course of nine lectures on the Spectroscope and its Applications on Thursday, the 18th inst. In an historical review, he commented on the researches of Boyle, Römer, Bradley, and others, and more especially on those of Newton, referring to his great work on Optics, his determination of the refrangibility of the rays of light, and their different colours, due to their angular displacement. Explanations were given of the ingenious way in which Newton determined the length of the rays of light of different colour by means of the study of thin films, such as the soap-bubble and the colours in the phenomena termed "Newton's rings"; in relation to which Professor Dewar made several delicate experiments, illustrating also the production and absorption of colours. The undulatory or wave theory of light, established by Young, was defined and illustrated in relation to the prismatic spectrum; after which marked allusion was made to Herschel's discovery of the great heat possessed by the invisible ultra-red rays of the spectrum, and to that of Dr. Wollaston, that the spectrum contains a number of black as well as coloured bands. These were mapped by Fraunhofer, and classified under the letters, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, in relation to the seven colours. Finally, explanations were given of the laws of reflection and refraction, in relation to the construction of the spectro-scope, showing the importance of the prisms having a low refractive index, in order that the maximum of light may pass. The brilliancy of the diamond is due to its high refractive index, producing nearly total reflection, and permitting little light to be transmitted.

LORD LAWRENCE AS REVENUE-COLLECTOR.

Mr. R. Bosworth Smith, M.A., Assistant-Master of the Harrow School, gave the opening discourse of the evening meetings on Friday, the 19th inst., the subject being the early life of the late Lord Lawrence in India, an introduction to a short course of lectures. John Lawrence was born in the north of Ireland, March 4, 1811, his family being of Scotch-Irish origin. His father, Alexander, was an ill-reputed Indian officer; his mother, a Knox. Among his schoolfellows at Foyle College were his brother Henry and Robert Montgomery, his future colleagues in the Punjab. Not too well educated, he reluctantly entered the Indian Civil Service in 1829, going to Delhi, his appointment being eventually in Paniput, inhabited by Sikhs and other tribes of a more powerful character than the ordinary Hindoos. The duties of a collector of the revenue were exceedingly multifarious, embracing the charge of law and police, agriculture, health, roads, bridges, &c. In discharging these duties, John Lawrence acted as a wise, just, humane, beneficent despot, throwing himself heartily into his work, deeply sympathising with the people, trusting greatly to his own eyes and hands, and subjecting himself to severe self-discipline. In fact, during the years he acted as revenue collector in Paniput, he was in a course of training for his important future work, which so greatly conduced to the preservation of the Indian empire during the mutiny. In the latter part of the discourse, Mr. Bosworth Smith related a number of interesting anecdotes illustrative of John Lawrence's physical strength, method of working, escape from imminent death, acuteness in the detection of crime, remembrance of help given to him, tenderness to sufferers, and other characteristic qualities. After a severe illness, he returned to England in 1840, on furlough.

CONQUEST OF THE PUNJAB.

Mr. R. Bosworth Smith on Saturday last, the 20th inst., gave the first of a course of four lectures on Episodes in the Life of the late Lord Lawrence. In 1842 John Lawrence returned to India and became a magistrate at Delhi, where the Great Mogul—a puppet Sovereign with a corrupt Court—reigned, his palace being the scene of unbridled debauchery and cruelty, which Lawrence endeavoured to repress with his habitual energy. After alluding to the ancient Mongol Empire in the Punjab, subjugated by the Sikhs, whose last monarch, Runjeet Sing, kept friends with the British till his death, in 1839, the lecturer described how the now unrestrained chiefs, having only an infant Sovereign, made fierce war with the British. Details were given of our disastrous victory at Ferozeshah, Dec. 21 and 22, 1845, and of the efficient reinforcements supplied by John Lawrence with skilful promptness when appealed to. This resulted in the total defeat of the Sikhs at Sohraon, Feb. 10, 1846. The country was conquered, Henry Lawrence was appointed British Resident at the Court of Dhuleep Sing at Lahore, and his brother John was made commissioner of the Trans-Sutlej States annexed to British territory. He immediately introduced law and order, prohibiting widow-burning, female infanticide, and the burying alive of lepers. By his vigorous straightforwardness, he baffled the intrigues of the treacherous chiefs, and gained bloodless victories. After several anecdotes, giving striking evidence of the sterling qualities of the two great brothers, the lecturer graphically described the leading incidents in the eventual second Sikh war, which resulted in the permanent annexation of all the Punjab to our empire.

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9. Plaster cast of woman from cavity in the ashes where she lay buried with her child after the eruption that destroyed Pompeii.

10. Her rings and bracelets.
11. Earthenware dishes.
12. Statuette of Æsculapius.

13. Ædícula, or miniature temple.
14. Statuette of Apollo.

ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION.

CONCLUDING NOTICE.

The works of the Old Masters of the Foreign Schools, and of deceased British painters (excluding the Linnell and Rossetti collections already noticed) are, as we have already said, fewer in number than usual, and generally not of exceptional excellence. Of those early examples of the various schools which often prove important in relation to the history of art there are scarcely any.

Among the very few of these, "St. Jerome in the Desert" (173), ascribed to Marco Basaiti, is a good specimen of the prevailing treatment at the rise of the North Italian schools. A picture which points to the same locality, but a later date, is the "Virgin and Saints" (183). The portraits of two Venetian Gentlemen" (198), attributed rightly, we think, to Giovanni Bellini and Giorgione, is one of the most remarkable pictures here technically. The individuality in the heads, the precision and truth of the modelling are worthy of Bellini at his best, while the glowing colouring of the left-hand figure seems to be equally characteristic of the younger master. A fine Titianesque portrait is the so-called "Catarina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus" (191). But it differs from and is hardly equal to the picture in the Pitti. "A Venetian Admiral" (180), is a robust, masculine portrait by Tintoretto, and the armour is superbly painted; the head, however, is scarcely in his finest manner, though the picture fetched at the Hamilton sale 1100 guineas—a price which seems as excessive as the 105 guineas at which the "Moses Striking the Rock," by the same painter, was knocked down in the same sale, was ridiculously small. The latter is also here (192), and, having been successfully cleaned, the owner may be congratulated upon his good fortune. The repetition of pale crimson, and gold, and creamy-white in the draperies of the "Daughters of Israel" forms a sumptuous mass of glowing colour, while the vigorous handling is no less distinctively Tintoretto's. It may be regarded as a sketch only, though the master often carried his finished work no farther; but its very slightness and directness is peculiarly interesting and instructive to artists. In the large Veronese, "Christ and the Centurion" (184), the subject, it will be seen, is a vehicle for portraiture, like the large picture in the National Gallery. The last example of this school we need name is Paris Bordone's half-length (196) of a superb Venetian *bionda* with golden hair and ample bosom, from the same model as the National Gallery picture, believed to be the daughter of Palma Vecchio.

Of the Umbrian school there is a small "Annunciation" (176) with grotesque decorative designs, painted in a refined Peruginian manner, which, however, does not justify its ascription to "Raphael." "The Pieta" (188), by Perugino, with its pathetic sentiment and still after-sundown effect, does not fall far short in the figures of the nobility of the paintings in the Cambio at Perugia, but it has been much and badly restored.

There is a splendid group of full-length Vandycks at the end of the Great Room—to wit, the Earl of Pembroke, with his white wand as Lord Chamberlain; the Earl of Strathford (beheaded on Tower Hill), looking sinister, audacious, and dissolute; the Marchese Spinola, and Sir Edmund Verney, the standard-bearer to Charles I., killed at Edge Hill. The Spinola should be the best of these; but Vandyck's great patron has something of the air of a *petit maître*, and the painting has not the Titianesque richness of Vandyck's Genoese series of portraits, to which it belongs. Also attributed to Vandyck, and not distinguishable from the preceding, is the full-length of the first Duke of Newcastle. He wears, however, the insignia of the Garter, though he was not made a K.G. till nine years after Vandyck's death. Either, then, the order was added—which is very likely—or this is one of the very close approaches to their master made by Dobson and other of Vandyck's English followers. In this connection, the visitor should glance at the portrait of the Earl of Portland by "Old Stone." Vandyck's full-length of Charles II. when a boy (171) is even finer than any of the preceding. "A Lady and Child" (165) is an able work by Cornelis de Vos, a little-known follower of Rubens.

On the Dutch and other pictures in Room IV. it is not necessary to dwell. The following are first-rate examples, and it is needless to say more:—"Landscape and Figures," by J. Both (237); "Cattle and Figures" (243) and "Interior of a Dutch Cottage" (252), by A. Cuyp; "Landscape" (246), by Hobbema; "Milking" (251), by Paul Potter; "The Meeting on the Road" (253), by P. Wouvermans; and "Card-Playing" (245) and "The Village School" (249), by Jan Steen. The last is on a larger scale than is usual with the painter, but the workmanship gains correspondingly, rather than loses, in power. His coarse and brutal humour is, however, sufficiently apparent in the grimaces of the harsh old pedagogue, and the crying child he is punishing, and of the other children who look on in selfish anticipative terror or cruel glee at the distress of their schoolfellow. Of the works attributed to Rembrandt, the most noteworthy is the bust portrait of a female, seen lying in bed (235). The flesh painting is broad and powerful, yet transparent and delicate. She is said to be Rembrandt's mistress, and, recalling the heroines of his pictures, no higher type need be expected.

In the English School, Sir Joshua Reynolds takes the lead in respect to the number and quality of his works, though several are comparatively inferior, or injured by time, and restoration, and there is no one capital example to haunt the memory in association with this year's display. The "Boy Reading" (221), painted when Reynolds was only twenty-three, is remarkable for qualities of breadth and transparency, which anticipated his later triumphs, though kept somewhat in abeyance for a while. The half-length of Lady Diana Beauclerk (161), an early work, is quite otherwise noticeable—i.e., for a certain classic severity rarely noticeable in Sir Joshua's portraits, and with which the costume and huge vase in the background harmonise perfectly. Widely different, again, is the well-known charming portrait, painted many years later, of the daughter of Lady Diana—Miss Elizabeth Beauclerk as "Una" (222). It was such fertility of resource which provoked Gainsborough to exclaim, "Damn him, how various he is!" One of the best of several portraits by Reynolds of Mrs. Abington is No. 265. The rather plain features are rendered with the utmost refinement; and the demure *espièglerie* of the great comic actress's expression is given with the nicest subtlety. Lady Cornwall (218), the modelling of which is still comparatively careful, may be profitably compared with Miss Milles (162), one of the latest works here, and in which we see the broader routine method of lighting and relieving the features that Reynolds gradually adopted under pressure of commissions and advancing years, and which gives to many of his portraits something of a family likeness. A further and an imposing representation of Sir Joshua is made at the head of the Great Room, with five of the seven colossal allegorical female figures designed for the west window of New College Chapel, Oxford. Two of the figures, "Charity" and "Fortitude," were exhibited last year. The five other virtues now shown are "Temperance," "Justice," "Faith," "Hope," "Prudence." The series was

painted in 1779, when Reynolds was in the plenitude of his powers, and they are certainly noble idealisations. But owing, as they do, their grandeur to the elevated beauty of the heads and the rich masses of colour and full light and shade of the flowing draperies, rather than to severity of line and form, and having no reference to the flatness and transparency of glass, it is not surprising that their reproduction by Jervas, the glass painter, is far from satisfactory. Gainsborough's most charming portrait is the half-length of the lovely Duchess of Cumberland (206) looking aside with hands crossed in front, and his most complete male portrait is that of Speaker Cornwall in his robes (219). The famous "three-quarter figure," standing, of William Pitt (205) from Somerley is to us rather disappointing. The features of the great statesman were not favourable to portraiture, but in Gainsborough's sketchy facility their modelling seems to be incompletely rendered, and we cannot realise the exact structural forms and details. Other works by Gainsborough are unimportant; as are those of Romney, Morland, Constable, &c. Three pictures by Turner, however, claim attention. One of these, "Fisherman on a Lee Shore" (214), dated 1802, is a very fine example of his early yet independent style. The significance of the "lee shore" is seen—felt we had almost said—in the direction of the wind, before which a smack is straining through the surf towards the beach. The sky with its driving rain-clouds is also full of wind. Two boats beached in the foreground are singularly solid and real looking. What a gulf is there not between this sane and robust realism and the neighbouring half phantasmagoric "Burning of the Houses of Parliament," and the still more visionary "Ehrenbreitstein!" But is not all this marvellous play of colour, *pace* Mr. Ruskin, but scene-painting in *excellis*?

ROSSETTI'S WORKS AT THE BURLINGTON FINE-ART CLUB.

The friends of this deceased painter were scarcely judicious in forming a collection of his works in addition to that at Burlington House. Something more than antipathy to contemporary art—a consciousness of his own technical shortcomings—may have restrained the artist himself from placing his works indiscriminately before an indiscriminating public; and some of his reticence should have been observed by his admirers. The pictures and drawings in Savile-row represent scarcely any noteworthy feature of Rossetti's work that is not better illustrated in Piccadilly. The many *repliche* here, and the frequent recurrence of the same motive and type, but confirm, indeed, the impression we received at the Academy that his powers as a painter were very limited, and that the range of his imagination and sympathies was narrow. Moreover, there are many works here which, making all fair allowance for the productions of a tyro or student, would damage the soundest established reputation.

The first forty, or so, items in this collection are, with few exceptions, the crude efforts of Rossetti's "salad days" in every sense. Many of them are simply as bad in art as amateur work could well be, and puerile or scarcely sane in conception—attempts at illustrating out-of-the-way themes from Scripture, the Morte d'Arthur, Dante, and classic story, with draughtsmanship of the feeblest, with colouring at the best weakly imitative of that of the Venetians, and with symbolism strained and far-fetched beyond belief. A few, it is true, are somewhat redeemed by touches of dramatic expression—Rossetti's strong point, in our mind; and others betoken poetic culture indicative of his more genuine success as a poet. Strange to say, too, among his very earliest works are a few which show better draughtsmanship and modelling, and a healthier feeling than are afterwards met with. Allusion is made more particularly to a pencil study of the artist himself dated as early as 1847, an illustration of "Geneviève," of the following year; oil-portraits of his father and mother, and pencil-sketches of his master for a time, Mr. Ford Madox Brown. Pity it is the artist did not continue in the same simple honest path longer. A slowly progressive improvement in colour is also perceptible.

The inequality, however, of the works here throughout is extraordinary. In "Burd-Alane," with almost purple lips, in Nos. 48, 50, 51, 56, and some others, the colouring has a commonness, not to say coarseness and rankness, which is more rarely observable at Burlington House. The "Lady Lilith" is here—much be-praised by the painter's admirers, but which we find sadly disappointing—the Lilith that according to the Talmudists was Adam's first wife, and according to Hebrew popular belief is a female spectre in the shape of a finely-dressed woman. In this figure with emaciated jaw, neck, and shoulder are associated breasts of abnormal fulness. The colouring, too, is pasty in quality, and has little variety corresponding with the variety of textures. Rossetti succeeded, as we have said, in reproducing the general aspect of Venetian colour, and sometimes hit upon some beautiful harmonies. It would have been hard, indeed, if lifelong emulation had not been so far rewarded. His colouring, however, is not of the true Venetian quality; it wholly lacks the living inner light and glow of Bellini, Giorgione, and Titian, nor has it the changeful yet pure unsullied silver and gold of Veronese.

We need not dwell on the repetitions of, or studies for, the pictures in the Academy: the best selection was evidently made for Burlington House. The angels in the *replica* here of "The Blessed Damozel" are finely felt, but nothing could well be more devoid of knowledge or observation than the modelling of the damozel's hands, wrists, and arms. The two drawings, however, in red chalk, at the head of the room, of "Venus Verticordia" are in a higher style than could easily be credited to Rossetti as otherwise represented here. The female type which appears with so little variation in so many of the painter's later works—which has been so much discussed, and has been claimed as his own ideal creation by an occult process of artistic assimilation, is simply the portrait of an individual lady—as appears by that of "Mrs. William Morris." Rossetti's merit as a poet, the connection of his poetry with his pictures, the natural partisanship of literary friends, and the curiosity respecting works hitherto withheld from public exhibition, may cause a degree of furor and lead a fashion for a time—to be followed by the inevitable reaction—but these accidents should not blind us to the defects and unhealthy tendencies of his art. The poetic and literary subjects, the very titles of his pictures, are calculated to prove *intrigant* to the dilettante, the self-assumed connoisseur, the amateur critic; but the artist, the competent judge, the lover of simplicity, truth, and nature, will not be duped, but will impartially weigh both merits and defects.

The retiring superannuation allowance awarded by the Treasury to Mr. R. P. Saunders, the late Chief Constructor at Chatham Dockyard, is £620 per annum.

At a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, held at the Grosvenor Gallery Library, New Bond-street, on Tuesday, a paper, entitled A Chapter in the History of New Zealand, was read by Sir William Fox, K.C.M.G., of Westoe, Rangitikei. The chair was taken by the Duke of Manchester, K.P., chairman of council.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"A Series of Progressive Studies for Pianoforte, Organ, or Harmonium" (Chappell and Co.). This is a valuable collection of pieces selected from the works of celebrated composers—chiefly English—and carefully edited and fingered by Mr. Josiah Pittman, whose practical skill on the instruments referred to, and large acquaintance with the treasures of musical art, render him peculiarly qualified for the task which he has here so ably fulfilled. The collection consists of twelve numbers, comprising many interesting works, in the free and strict styles, by Bach, Stanley, the elder Samuel Wesley, Dr. Dupuis, Dr. Boyce, Battishill, and others. Much of the music here reproduced was difficult of access until the publication of this cheap and valuable series.

"Save me, O God," motet by M. W. Balfe (Novello, Ewer, and Co.), is a piece (dated 1846) which is among many proofs that the popular operatic composer might have also excelled in other directions than that to which he devoted almost his entire attention. The posthumous Pianoforte Trio and Sonata for Piano and Violoncello (noticed by us some time ago) were evidences of this, and now we have another proof in the Church style. The motet is written for the usual four-part choir, with organ accompaniment, and is generally impressive and earnest, with occasional touches of that melodic grace which is a marked characteristic in Balfe's music. It was performed on the recent occasion of the unveiling of the tablet placed, in memory of the composer, in Westminster Abbey.

"Power and Love," a sacred song, by M. Gounod (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.), is a vocal adaptation of the exquisite orchestral phrase typical of the Redeemer in the composer's great oratorio, "The Redemption." The appropriation, in such a shape, of the beautiful melody which must haunt the ear of all who have heard it, will be welcome to a large public.

"The Golden City" is the title of a pastoral cantata for female voices, composed—to words by E. Oxenford—by Franz Abt, who has produced so large an amount of successful vocal music. The work consists of recitatives and solo pieces, a duet, a trio, and several choruses, all written in a pleasing, melodious style that will find favour in drawing-room performance. The cantata is published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co., who have recently issued a new number of their valuable series of Music Primers. This—the twenty-second—part is an instruction book for the violoncello by that eminent professor of the instrument, M. Jules de Swert. The work is divided into three parts, and appears to contain all the information—together with many studies and exercises—needed for the formation of a skilful performer.

"The Organist's Quarterly Journal" (Novello, Ewer, and Co.) has just begun a new volume—the eighth—with the fifty-seventh part. Besides contributing occasionally to the contents of the work (which consist entirely of original compositions), Dr. Spark, of Leeds, is the editor, and in this capacity manages to keep up the interest from time to time by securing contributions from the most eminent living organists. The current number contains pieces in various styles by Dr. Horton Allison, J. W. Hudson, C. W. Pearce, W. Conradi (of Schwerin), and W. N. Watson.

The eminent firm of Ricordi—of Milan, Naples, Florence, and London—have recently issued a copious but inexpensive Tutor for the French Guitar, compiled by Antonio Nava, and edited for English students by Henry Stevens. Detailed instructions and a series of scales and exercises furnish all the requisite materials for the acquirement of skill on the instrument. The same publishers have brought out some attractive vocal music, among which are "Sleep on, dear love," a pleasing and melodious "Serenade" by Ciro Pissuti; "As years go past" and "The Last Dream," an expressive ballad and song, both by F. H. Cowen; "Loved and lost," a sentimental ballad by Jacques Blumenthal; and "When passion's trance," an effective setting of lines from Shelley by Maude Valérie White.

Messrs. Ricordi have also issued an English edition of a useful Tutor (didactic and practical) for the Mandoline, by Carmine de Laurentiis.

"Harold," written by E. Oxenford and composed by A. E. Dyer (Wood and Co.)—is a cantata, cast in a dramatic shape, in which the characters are King Harold, Earl Leofwin, and Gurth, with choruses of warriors and priests. There is some characteristic writing in the work, which will be especially acceptable in amateur circles. The effect of the pianoforte accompaniment may be much enhanced by the use of an extra harmonium part.

"Elementary Exercises to be Used in Conjunction with the Catechism of the Rudiments of Music" (Lamborn Cock) compiled by Ellice Jewell, is well calculated to forward the progress of pupils. It contains eleven chapters on the most essential subjects of study, spaces of ruled staves being left for the learner to fill in the exercises. The same publisher has issued a melodious song, "The Corn-fields," by James Coward; a pleasing "Romance Poétique," for the pianoforte, by H. Harriss; and an edition of a sonata (in G) by the old Neapolitan harpsichord composer, Domenico Scarlatti, fingered by Miss Florence May.

"The Streamlet" (Etude de Salon) is a pianoforte piece by Miss Lillie Albrecht—published by Duncan Davison and Co. Miss Albrecht has here produced a work which is both pleasing in itself and very useful as a study. A prominent melody, of vocal character, is supported by a series of arpeggio passages divided between the two hands, the contrasted effects being interesting, and well sustained without monotony.

"The Wolseley March," by Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew (Duncan Davison and Co.), and "The Battle of Tel-el-Kebir," by Dr. Spark (E. Ashdown), are spirited pianoforte pieces, in each of which the martial character is well preserved. Both are dedicated to General Lord Wolseley.

"Good-night, Good-night!" (Serenade) is a smooth and melodious piece for voice, with pianoforte accompaniment, and an additional part for violoncello (or violin or flute). The effect of the vocal melody is well contrasted by these surroundings, and the piece is altogether a very pleasing one. The composer is G. Tartaglione; the publisher, W. Czerny, from whose house we also have an impressive vocal piece, "I send ye forth" (Christ addressing His Apostles), by E. Lassen, in which there is good scope for serious declamation.

On the 18th inst., the South-Eastern and Channel Tunnel Railways Bill was before Mr. Robinson, one of the examiners of petitions for private bills, and proved to be in compliance with the standing orders.

A statement has been circulated to the effect that Lord Penrhyn will contribute £1000 to the proposed North Wales University College. This statement is incomplete. His Lordship's promise, as intimated to Mr. Rathbone, M.P., by letter, is that he will contribute not less than £1000 to such college, and give it all other possible support, provided it be free from political and sectarian views, and of such a nature as to be within reach of the general community.



SANCTUARY.



A GAME AT DOMINOES.

OBITUARY.

ADMIRAL HALLOWES.

Admiral John Hallowes died on the 11th inst., aged ninety-one. His entrance into the Navy dates eighty years since. He was a first-class Volunteer on board the *Ranger*, when that ship was captured by the *Rocheport* Squadron, and he was sent a prisoner to Verdun. His detention there lasted six years, and at its termination he joined the *Helder*, and was given the command of a gun-boat, in which he took part in an attack on Cuxhaven. In 1814 he obtained the rank of Lieutenant, and was present at the surrender of Glückstadt, for which he received a medal and honourable mention in the despatches. His full rank as Admiral bears date 1875.

LADY GREVILLE.

The Right Hon. Rosa Emily Mary Anne, Baroness Greville, died at Boulogne-sur-Mer on the 17th inst., aged sixty-eight. Her Ladyship, last surviving child and heiress of George Thomas John, Marquis of Westmeath, by Lady Emily, his wife, daughter of James, first Marquis of Salisbury, was married, April 28, 1840, to Colonel Fulke Southwell Greville, M.P., who was raised to the Peerage in 1869 as Baron Greville of Clouyn, having previously assumed, in right of his wife, the additional surname of Nugent. Of the marriage there were several children. The eldest son, the Hon. Algernon William Fulke Greville, is married to Lady Violet Graham, daughter of the fourth Duke of Montrose.

MR. WISE.

Mr. Henry Christopher Wise, of Woodcote, Warwickshire, J.P. and D.L., M.P. for that county, in the Conservative interest, from 1865 to 1874, died at Woodcote in the 15th inst., in his seventy-seventh year. He was only son of the Rev. Henry Wise, of The Priory, Warwick, by Charlotte Mary, his wife, daughter of Sir Stanier Porten, and was descended from Henry Wise, of The Priory, Ranger of Hyde Park, and Superintendent of the Royal Garden at Hampton Court temp. Queen Anne. The gentleman whose death we record was of Oriel College, Oxford, and graduated there in 1830. He married, first, June 24, 1828, Harriett, third daughter of Sir Gray Skipwith, Bart.; and secondly, in 1863, Jane Harriet, daughter of Sir Edward Cromwell Disbrowe, G.C.B. By the former (who died in 1858) he leaves issue. His eldest son, Henry Christopher, was killed at Ballarat, Australia, in 1854.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lieutenant-General George Mytton Hill, Bengal Staff Corps, on the 13th inst., at Lee, Kent, aged seventy-two.

The Ven. Robert Bell, D.D., Archdeacon of Cashel and Rector of Tipperary, on the 10th inst., aged seventy-four.

Lieutenant Graham Pirie, of the Gordon Highlanders, who was badly wounded while gallantly leading his men to the charge at Tel-el-Kebir.

Mrs. Ivor James, the niece of John Keble, author of "The Christian Year," to whom the poet bequeathed his manuscripts, on the 16th inst., at Bishopston Gower, near Swansea.

Sir John Forsyth, C.B., K.C.S.I., late Principal Inspector-General of her Majesty's Indian Medical Department (Bengal) and Honorary Physician to the Queen, on the 14th inst., in his eighty-fourth year.

The Hon. Lady Style (Rosamond-Marion), wife of Sir William Henry-Marsham Style, Bart., of Glenmore, in the county of Donegal, and eldest daughter of Charles, first Lord Tredegar, on the 15th inst.

The Hon. Mrs. Massey (Elizabeth Ellen), eldest daughter of Mr. Alexander Bannatyne, of Woodstown, in the county of Limerick, and wife of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Lionel Edward Massey, brother of Lord Clarina, on the 13th inst., at Algiers.

Mr. John Henry Harries, of Tregwynt and Heathfield, Pembrokeshire, J.P., on the 14th inst., aged forty-two; son of the late Mr. George Jordan Harries, of Heathfield, and grandson of Mr. John Hill Harries, of Priskilly, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff of Pembrokeshire in 1830.

Mr. George Fenwick, who had been for many years master of the Tyndale foxhounds, one of the directors of the North-Eastern Railway Company, and head of the banking firm of Lambton and Co., Newcastle, while shooting, on the 16th inst., in company with Earl Ravensworth, at Ravensworth Castle.

Mr. Frederic Joseph Morrell, of Broughton, near Banbury, solicitor to the University of Oxford, and chief promoter of the Oxford Church Union, on the 13th inst., aged seventy-two. He was third son of Mr. Baker Morrell, of Oxford, by Mary Elizabeth, his wife, daughter and coheir of the Rev. Joseph Chapman, D.D., President of Trinity College.

The Rev. Dr. James Melville McCulloch, of Greenock, in his eighty-second year. The deceased was the editor of a number of school books, which attained a most extensive sale throughout Scotland, his "Course of English Reading" being especially popular. When in his eightieth year he issued a little volume entitled "Curiosities of English Etymology."

Mr. Richard Cockle Lucas, sculptor of the Johnson (Lichfield) statue, Dr. Watts (Southampton), and the Sir Richard Hoare memorial in Salisbury Cathedral, near Southampton, on the 18th inst., in his eighty-third year. Lord Palmerston, in 1865, put him on the civil list for £150 a year. He presented to South Kensington Museum a large collection of ivories and carvings.

At Dorchester yesterday week the ceremony took place of reopening the Grammar School, which was founded in 1571 by Thomas Hardy, of Frampton, and has enjoyed an almost unbroken existence from that time to the present. About two years ago, in consequence of the dilapidated state of the buildings, it was resolved to pull them down and rebuild. A new scheme was devised and approved by the Commissioners. The Mayor and Corporation attended the ceremony in state, and Mr. John Floyer, M.P., chairman of the governors, formally declared the school reopened.

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.
Rev J W (Portland, U.S.A.).—We prefer the notation with which all chessplayers are familiar, and shall be obliged by your adhering to it.
GALLIARD.—We neither examine nor accept games or problems sent anonymously.
E T (Bath).—Thanks. Always welcome.
F I N H (Liverpool).—Very good indeed. It shall have due honours.
J H M (St. George's Club).—We have forwarded the printed letter, as requested.
E H.—What details of the solution of No. 2027 do you require? No matter what reply Black makes to 1. R to B 4th, he is mated on the second move of White.
C A A (Knoxville, U.S.A.).—We shall be obliged to refer to the file for the solution of a problem published so far back as 1859. You shall have an answer next week.
L H (Albemarle-street).—We are greatly obliged for your courteous letter and the information it conveys to us.
D W C (Siberia).—Thanks; the new batch is very acceptable.
W J E (Dewsbury).—We are much obliged for the report.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2026 and 2027 received from Rev. John Wills, (Portland U.S.A.); of No. 2026, from Thomas and J R (Edinburgh).
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2029 received from H B, E L G, H Sahl, Shadforth, G W Law, S Lowndes, Aaron Harper, F G Parsloe, H Noyes, W J Rudman, H Blacklock, N S Harris, R T Kemp, C W Milson, R J Vines, B R Wood, Ben N. via, M Tipping, R T Kemp, L Shurewood, E Shurewood, Sud ary (Suffolk), E London, Harry Springthorpe, A M Porter, T Greenbank, M O'Halloran, L Falcon (Antwerp), R L Southwell, A M Colborne, G S Oldfield, R Gray, E Casella (Paris), A W Scrutton, L Wyman, Kitten, L L Greenaway, A Wigmore, W Dewse, Otto Fulder (Ghent), Jupiter Junior, D W Kell, C S Cox, A R Street, Veytaux (Chillon), Leslie Lachlan, and R H Brooks.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2029.

WHITE.

1. Q to K 2nd
2. Mates accordingly.

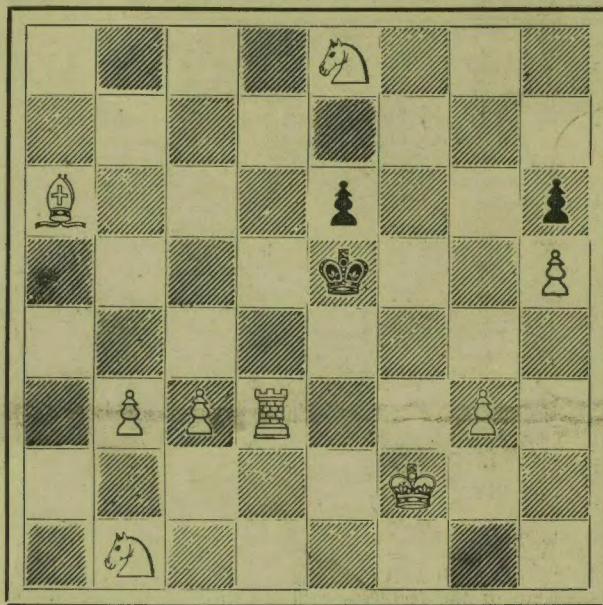
BLACK.

Any move.

PROBLEM No. 2032.

By D. W. CLARK, Siberia.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

We are indebted to Mr. James Russell, of Baltimore, for a report of Herr Steinitz's play during his visit to that city. The German master played five games with Mr. Alexander G. Sillman, of which he won two and drew three, a result which is highly creditable to the amateur. On the 23rd ult. Herr Steinitz played four games *sans voir* and simultaneously, of which he won three and lost one, the latter after a struggle extending over sixty-seven moves, to Mr. J. Hall, junior. The following is one of the four games played on this occasion, Herr STEINITZ being opposed by Dr. A. B. ARNOLD, of Baltimore. The game calls for no comment, save that, although the defence is rather weak, it is fully up to the standard of play usually opposed to chess *sans voir*.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Herr S.)	BLACK (Dr. A.)	WHITE (Herr S.)	BLACK (Dr. A.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	15. B to K 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	16. R to B 3rd	B takes Kt
3. Kt to K B 3rd	B to K 2nd	17. B takes B	B to Q Kt 2nd
4. Kt to B 3rd	P takes P	18. R to Kt 3rd	Q R to B sq
5. Kt takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	19. R to K B sq	P to B 5th
6. Kt takes Kt (ch)	B takes Kt	20. B to Q B 2nd	B to Q 4th
7. B to Q 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	21. Q to Kt 4th	Q to Q 2nd
8. Castles	Kt to B 3rd	22. P to K R 4th	P to B 4th
9. P to B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	23. P takes P (ch)	R takes P
10. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K 3rd		
11. Kt to K sq	P to Q B 3rd	24. R takes R	P takes B
12. P to K B 4th	Castles	25. B takes Kt	P takes R
13. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 2nd	26. Q takes P (ch)	K to R sq
14. Kt to K 5th	P to Q B 4th	27. Q takes B P (ch),	and wins.

The managing committee of the London International Chess Congress have issued their programme, of which the following is an abstract. Seven prizes are offered for competition—viz. £250, £150, £120, £90, £70, £50, and £25, the last provided by Baron Kolisch for the competitor who makes the highest score against the three leading prize-winners. The tournament will be commenced on April 26, and the lists will be closed three days previously to that date. The entrance fee is £5, in addition to a deposit of £5 as security against any breach of the rules and regulations for play laid down by the committee. Each competitor is required to play two games with every other, drawn games not counting until three such games have been played. Play will commence daily, except Wednesdays and Saturdays, which will be bye-days, at noon, and continue until five p.m.; it will be resumed at seven p.m., and close at eleven p.m. The time limit is fixed at fifteen moves an hour, regulated by stop-clocks, and the player who exceeds his time forfeits the game, which will be scored by his opponent. "Each competitor is bound in honour to play all his games with his full strength, and in behalf of other competitors no player is allowed to waive any exaction of a penalty either under the rules of the tournament or the general laws of chess. All arrangements which may influence the final result of the tournament, unless sanctioned by the committee, are prohibited, and all parties proved guilty of the same will be expelled from the tournament, with the forfeiture of his entrance-fee and deposit." The committee propose to arrange a minor tournament simultaneously with the one for Masters; but no provision is, we regret to observe, made for a problem competition, an omission to which we shall refer more fully next week.

The annual dinner of the City Club will be held on April 24, two days before the opening of the International Chess Congress, and it is hoped that all the foreign competitors will attend the celebration. The spring handicap at this club will be commenced on March 5 next. Nearly seventy members have already entered the lists. The seven prize winners in the winter handicap will be declared by the end of April.

On Tuesday, the 16th inst., Mr. Blackburne played nineteen games simultaneously at Dewsbury, and won them all!

A match was played on Saturday last between the Athenæum and North London Clubs, fourteen a side, resulting in a victory for North London with a score nine to five. On Friday the Railway Clearing House and Ludgate-circus Clubs met, the former winning by 71 to 43.

The handicap tourney at the Athenæum Chess Club has resulted in Mr. H. Luckett winning the first prize, after playing off a tie with Mr. F. P. Carr, who takes the second. The next highest scores were made by Dr. Butt and Mr. Brooks, with the respective scores of 10½ and 10.

The Endeavour Club has played two matches since the beginning of the year, defeating the 11bs on the 4th inst by seven games to one and two draws; and in its turn sustaining defeat at the hands of a Greenwich team, who scored 4½ out of a possible eight.

We have been requested to publish the following letter received from the Chess Editor of the *Jamaica Family Journal*:—

"Dear Sir,—It is with extreme regret that I have to ask your valuable assistance in conveying to the many eminent composers who contributed to the promise of high success which the second Problem Tourney of the *Jamaica Family Journal* gave, that the Tourney must be abandoned in consequence of the destruction of the competing problems by the lamentable conflagration which has laid one third of Kingston in ashes. Messrs. De Cordova and Co.'s office, too, and all it contained, have shared our fate; but they hope to resume in a month or two, when a new Tourney will be announced.—Faithfully yours,
A. F. MACKENZIE."

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 23, 1868), with three codicils, of the Rev. Sir Edward Repps Jodrell, Baronet, of Sail Park, Norfolk, and Portland-place, who died on Nov. 12 last, was proved on the 13th inst. by Lady Jodrell (the widow), Sir Alfred Jodrell, Bart., and Mr. Richard Edward Jennings, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £279,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to his executors and servants, and makes certain specific bequests, and, subject thereto, a life interest in the whole estate is given to Lady Jodrell. Upon her death the testator, amongst other bequests, gives £10,000 for founding and endowing two Classical Scholarships and two Mathematical Scholarships at Queen's College, Oxford, and, subject thereto, the ultimate residue is bequeathed amongst his relations.

The will (dated Oct. 6, 1879), with a codicil (dated Jan. 12, 1882), of Mr. Joseph Walker Pease, J.P., D.L., late of Hesselewood, East Yorkshire, banker, who died on Nov. 22 last, was proved on the 27th ult., at the York district registry, by Mr. Henry Joseph Robinson Pease and Mr. Francis Richard Pease (two of his sons), and Mr. Richard Hill (his nephew), the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £142,000. The testator confirms his marriage settlement, and leaves to his widow an additional annuity, also a legacy of £1000. He also confirms the settlements made on the marriages of his three daughters; and leaves legacies to his sons-in-law, brothers, friends, servants, and others (including £500 to his clerks). After making provision for his sons, C. C. Pease and Edward Heyrick Pease, he leaves his son, Francis Richard Pease, a legacy of £30,000. He also gives him all his real estate at or near Beverley, comprising St. Mary's House, Grovehill, Queensgate, and other properties; and to his eldest son, Henry Joseph Robinson Pease, his landed estates at Hesselewood, Thearne, and elsewhere, in addition to all his properties in Hull. He apportions his share in the banking houses of Pease and Sons at Hull and Beverley between his two sons, Henry Joseph Robinson Pease and Francis Richard Pease; and the residue of his personal estate, including his furniture, plate, pictures, horses, carriages, &c., except the portion left to his widow, he leaves to his eldest son. The deceased was for a short time M.P. for Hull in the Conservative interest.

The will (dated June 18, 1881) of Mr. Charles Jellicoe, F.R.G.S., F.S.S., late of 12, Cavendish-place, Cavendish-square, and of Brunswick-terrace, Brighton, who died on Nov. 13 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by James Gardiner Jellicoe, George Rogers Jellicoe, and Charles William Ashhurst Jellicoe, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £72,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 to each of his executors; an annuity of £360 to his sister, Miss Ellen Frances Jellicoe; and considerable legacies and annuities to other relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his nephew, Abraham Bradley Jellicoe.

The will (dated July 24, 1876) of Mr. Clement Crossley, formerly of the Granby Hotel, Harrogate, but late of Colorado Springs, Colorado, United States, who died on Oct. 10 last, was proved on the 28th ult. by Mrs. Sarah Maude Crossley, the widow, Henry Peto, and Robert Harrington Smith, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £52,000. The testator leaves £1000, and all his jewellery, plate, pictures, furniture, household effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; £500 to each of his executors, Mr. Peto and Mr. Smith; and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his children, in equal shares. In default of children, on the death of his wife, one moiety of the said residue is to be divided between his brothers and sisters; and the other moiety between Crossley's Orphanage, Halifax, the Church Missionary Society, and the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-street.

The will (dated Sept. 5, 1868), with two codicils (dated May 20, 1875, and Feb. 20, 1879), of Colonel Henry Penton, 3rd Royal Westminster Militia, late of No. 31, Adelaide-crescent, Brighton, who died on Oct. 30 last, was proved on the 22nd ult. by Mrs. Eliza Maria Penton, the widow and surviving executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testator charges his settled estates with £1000 per annum, in favour of his wife; and with a capital sum of £20,000 to be divided between his two daughters. His real estate in the parish of St. Mary, Cardigan, he gives to his son Frederick; and there are other appointments and bequests. The residue of the personalty he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1882) of Mrs. Henrietta Codrington, late of Kilmiston, in the county of Southampton, who died on Nov. 17 last, was proved on the 29th ult. by Francis Michael Ellis Jervoise and George Francis Marx, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £21,000. The testatrix leaves legacies to nephews, servants, and others, including £200, free of duty, to the Royal Hants County Hospital, Winchester; and the residue of her real and personal estate to her said nephew, George Francis Marx.

The will (dated Oct. 12, 1877) of Mr. William Palmer-Morewood, formerly of Hallfield House, Shirland, but late of Wigwell Grange, Wirksworth, Derbyshire, who died on Aug. 18 last, at Brookhill, Charlottesville, Virginia, was proved on the 13th ult. by the Hon. Mrs. Georgiana Palmer-Morewood, the mother, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £12,000. The testator gives £5000 each to his brothers, Alfred and Ernest Augustus; and the residue of his estate to his mother.

The will of Mr. Richard Pybus, of Barnsley, has been proved in the Wakefield registry by his nephew, John Pybus, of Hull, and Charles Methley, of Barnsley. Personalty under £21,000, which, subject to certain annuities, is divided in equal shares amongst his nephews and nieces.

Oil springs have been discovered at Buckley, in Flintshire. The liquid is said to give a brilliant light.

The authorities of the German Hospital at Dalston have secured the spacious premises known as Graham House, directly opposite the hospital, to be used for convalescent purposes. This step will sensibly relieve the present premises, and enable the hospital authorities very materially to extend the usefulness of the charity.

Lieutenant C. Sleeman, late R.N., read a paper yesterday week at the Royal United Service Institution on torpedoes for coast defence and as the armament of ships, torpedo, and submarine boats. He described the different torpedoes in use, and also spoke of the protection to be obtained from torpedoes and from cutting the cable of the Lay torpedo. An interesting discussion followed the paper.

Mr. George Courtauld, M.P., has offered to erect a cottage hospital at Halstead, at a cost of nearly £1500. The offer has been made in memoriam of the late Mrs. Courtauld, and from a desire of the hon. member to do something to benefit a town connected for many years with the firm of which he is the head. After erection the hospital is to be supported by the town, and for ever conducted upon the principles of civil and religious rights.